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Zion's Herald.

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[EDITORIAL.]

Russia secures in Germany an important ally in her hostility to Ferdinand. Bismarck has denounced the Prince as a treaty-breaker, whose acceptance of the Bulgarian throne disturbs the peace of Europe. He sneers at "the Coburgian" as the possible "executor of an exclusively Orleanist policy." Through his official organ he defines the attitude of Germany as one of uncompromising opposition to the present status, and of determined adherence to the Treaty of Berlin. With such an array against him—Berlin, St. Petersburg, Vienna, and Constantinople—the new ruler has a difficult and dangerous future to face.

The approach of the year for making a new national census, and the importance of the highest accuracy in a work which is quoted as a standard by writers and legislators not only in this country, but throughout the world, was doubtless the motive for the remarkable paper on "Census Problems," read by President C. D. Wright before the Social Scientists last week. While commending the scope and value of the magnificent Tenth Census prepared by Gen. Walker and published in twenty-two quarto volumes, he doubted whether a scheme so elaborate should be again attempted. He showed that many of the social statistics, such as those relating to illiteracy, idleness, mortality, insanity, pauperism and the like, were incomplete and defective—necessarily so; that the returns of capital employed in the various industries were fallacious, since no distinction was made between actual capital and borrowed capital. He found much to criticize in the average-wage returns, and the agricultural statistics. But with all this discredit of a work so highly commended and regarded as trustworthy, Mr. Wright arraigned himself and his own methods as severely as any other. He did not become aware of "the enormity of the error," and "the infinite harm it has done and is likely to do," until he tried to ascertain the relation of capital to product, with a view to learning "the proportion of product which went to capital and labor respectively." The difficulties he here encountered opened his eyes. He advises a return to simpler and more thorough methods, and that the federal work be aided by utilizing the statistics gathered by the different States.

The movement towards naturalization on the part of English, Scotch and Canadian residents is extending rapidly in our great cities, and is a very hopeful sign. While the Irish have been especially eager to obtain political privileges in the country of their adoption, this large and growing class has been, to a considerable degree, indifferent to citizenship, and has exerted no influence upon either local or national politics. The insolent behavior of the Irish mob in this city on the occasion of the celebration of the Queen's birthday in Faneuil Hall, last May, was one of the causes which aroused our English sojourners to the importance of protecting themselves against future affront by the only legitimate means; and the result will probably be the addition of nearly 30,000 votes to the electoral register of the State. Leagues have been formed in several of our eastern cities; and in Philadelphia and Chicago, it is estimated that 10,000 new votes will be secured, and the majority of these in the interest of law and order and of the perpetuity of our institutions.

General Secretary Sanborn, of the Social Science Association, was exceedingly happy in his Report, at the annual meeting, in Saratoga, last week. The approach of the twenty-second anniversary was used as a reminder that many of the objects for which the organization was formed had been accomplished, and that many vigorous students—like the National Prison Association, the National Conference of Charities, and the Civil Service Reform—were carrying on an independent and fruitful work. His review of the political and social changes accomplished since the war included the statement of taxation, the extension of the basis of suffrage, the organization of our charities, the educational advances, the raising of the currency to a gold standard, the mitigation of race hostilities in the South, etc. Democracy, in his view, is no longer on trial. It has simply vindicated itself, and the prospect before it is bright. The sober good sense of the people has grappled with every evil thus far, and will shortly undertake successfully the task of governing our great cities. Our rapid State-building was illustrated by two visits which he had made to Ne-

braska. The treeless, almost uninhabited prairie which he saw thirty-one years ago, was now "supplying the markets of the world with corn," and occupied by a million of peaceful inhabitants, with cities containing tens of thousands of people.

Mr. Powderly's concessions to the demands of the trade-unions come too late. The American Federation bids fair to supplant the Knights. Its methods are simpler and more natural, its government less dictatorial, and its expenses less burdensome. The ambitious attempt to unite in a single organization the various trades, and thus support a strike in one by the sympathy and practical help of the rest, was fine in theory, but it failed in practice. Says the *Tribune*:

"The interests of the various trades have been remorselessly subordinated to those of the organization in general. The 'walking delegate' has had supreme power over large bodies of men working at trades of which he had not even a journeyman's knowledge. Barbers have ordered the hands out of paper mills. Great railways have been brought to a standstill by the fiat of a drunken blackguard. 'Sympathetic strikes' have thrown thousands of men out of work thousands of miles away from the scene of a disturbance they did not understand. This reckless policy resulted in great disasters. Strike after strike failed. Great sums were lost to the men in wages. The prestige of the organization was much weakened."

But all this is now to be done away. To each trade is to be "given the right to organize a national trade assembly, to have exclusive control over the affairs of its trade, without let or hindrance." The "walking delegate" is to give way to a three-fourths vote of the assemblies of the trades—thus greatly lessening strikes. It is doubtful whether Mr. Powderly's change of tactics will be accepted by the order; and if accepted, it is doubtful whether it will materially delay its disintegration.

GATHERED FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

Prof. Alexander Winchell, in the *Swiss Cross*, advocates the study of geology by girls and young women:

I wish to make here a note based upon my personal observation. The gist of it is that girls and young women possess a very decided relish for the study of geology, and aptitude in acquiring the elements of the science. I ought to add that women of all ages have been the most enthusiastic readers and students of the subject in all cases where I have had personal cognizance of the direction of attention to it. In my university work I found young ladies quite as enthusiastic as young men, and quite as successful in acquiring exact and substantial knowledge. Why should they not? If powers of observation are needed, the girl gets the boy as truly in the inspection of minerals, rocks and fossils as in the determination of a specimen from the vegetable world. If imagination is demanded, the girl notoriously possesses as ready a gift as the boy. In the reasoning processes of generalization, if the majority of girls are not so apt as the other sex, many of them are equal, and all have aptitude sufficient for the fundamental principles of the science. To say the least, among my own pupils during twenty-five years past, the sterner sex have seen little opportunity to boast over their sisters. I must add that more than once my admiration and wonder have been excited by the devotion, the fidelity, the enthusiasm, and real success with which individual girls and women, guided by some unexpected incentive, have taken up singly the study of bowlders or fossils, and made acquisition of a fair stock of elementary geology. Does any one ask what is the use of geology to women? I will simply answer, the same use as any other knowledge. I could explain and particularize, but I do not believe the readers of the *Swiss Cross* need a word of explanation or particulars. On every consideration I say, let the girls study geology. It is a pleasure, an accomplishment, and a cultural and useful acquisition.

Count Tolstoi has been himself a soldier. His wonderful ability in describing the sensations of a soldier mortally wounded by a shell, will appear in the following:

We left Praskouine coming back with Mikhaloff. He reached a less exposed place and began to breathe again; when he perceived, on turning around, the sudden flash of a flash. The sentinel shouted, "Mor-tar!" and the soldiers who followed added: "It is coming straight into the bastion!" Mikhaloff looked. The luminous point of the bomb-shell seemed to drop directly over his head, exactly at the moment when it was impossible to tell what direction it was going to take. That was for the space of a second. Suddenly, redoubing in speed, the projectile came nearer and nearer. The sparks of the fuse could be seen flying out, the dismal hissing was plainly audible. It was going to drop right in the midst of the bastion. "I am killed!" shouted a voice. Mikhaloff and Praskouine obeyed. The latter, with shut eyes, heard the shell fall somewhere on the hard earth very near him.

A second, which appeared to him an hour, passed, and the shell did not burst. Praskouine was frightened; then he asked himself what cause he had for fear. Perhaps it had fallen further away, and he wrongly imagined that he heard the fuse hissing near him. Opening his eyes, he was satisfied to see Mikhaloff stretched motionless at his feet; but at the same time he perceived a yard off the lighted fuse of the shell spinning around like a top. A glacial terror, which stifled every thought, every sentiment, took possession of his soul. He hid his face in his hands. Another second passed, during which a whole world of thoughts, of hopes, of sensations and of sorrows passed through his mind. "Whom will it kill? Me or Mikhaloff, or indeed both of us together? If it is I, where will it hit me? If it is he, it will be all over; if on the foot, they will cut it off; then I shall insist that they give me chloroform. And I may get well."

"Perhaps Mikhaloff alone will be killed, and later I will tell how we were close together, and how I was covered with his blood. No, no! It is nearer me—it will be I!" Then he remembered the twelve rubles he owed Mikhaloff, and another debt left at Petersburg, which ought to have been paid long ago. A Bohemian air that he sang the evening before came to his mind. He also saw in his imagination the lady he was in love with in her lilac-trimmed bonnet; the man who had insulted him five years before, and whom he had never taken vengeance on. But in the midst of these and many other souvenirs the present feeling—the expectation of death—did not leave him. "Perhaps it is not going to explode!" he thought, and was on the point of opening his eyes with desperate boldness. But at this instant a red streak struck his eyeballs through the closed lids, something hit him in the middle of the chest with a terrible crash.

He ran forward at random, entangled his feet in his sword, stumbled and fell on his side. "God be praised; I am only bruised." This was his first thought, and he wanted to feel of his breast, but his hands seemed as if they were tied. A vital gripped his head, soldiers ran before his eyes, and he mechanically counted them: "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty, twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-four, twenty-five, twenty-six, twenty-seven, twenty-eight, twenty-nine, thirty, thirty-one, thirty-two, thirty-three, thirty-four, thirty-five, thirty-six, thirty-seven, thirty-eight, thirty-nine, forty, forty-one, forty-two, forty-three, forty-four, forty-five, forty-six, forty-seven, forty-eight, forty-nine, fifty, fifty-one, fifty-two, fifty-three, fifty-four, fifty-five, fifty-six, fifty-seven, fifty-eight, fifty-nine, sixty, sixty-one, sixty-two, sixty-three, sixty-four, sixty-five, sixty-six, sixty-seven, sixty-eight, sixty-nine, seventy, seventy-one, seventy-two, seventy-three, seventy-four, seventy-five, seventy-six, seventy-seven, seventy-eight, seventy-nine, eighty, eighty-one, eighty-two, eighty-three, eighty-four, eighty-five, eighty-six, eighty-seven, eighty-eight, eighty-nine, ninety, ninety-one, ninety-two, ninety-three, ninety-four, ninety-five, ninety-six, ninety-seven, ninety-eight, ninety-nine, one hundred." A new light flashed; he wondered what had died. Was it a mortar or a cannon? Doubtless a cannon. Another shot, more soldiers—five, six, seven. They passed in front of him, and suddenly he became terribly afraid of being crushed by them. He wanted to cry out, to say that he was bruised, but his lips were dry, his tongue was glued to the roof of his mouth. He had a burning thirst. He felt that his breast was damp, and the sensation of this moisture made him think of water. He would have liked to drink that which drenched him. "I must have knocked the skin off in falling," he said to himself, more and more frightened at the idea of being crushed by the soldiers who were running in crowds before him. He tried again to cry out, "Take me!" But instead of that he uttered a groan so terrible that he was frightened by it himself. Then red sparks danced before his eyes; it seemed as if the soldiers were piling stones upon him. The sparks danced more rapidly, the stones piled on him stifled him more and more. He stretched himself out, he ceased to see, to hear, to think, to feel. He had been killed instantly by a piece of shell striking him full in the breast.

The wrong sort of a "prodigal son" is thus sketched by Burdette:

No, my son, it isn't that the world has grown hard-hearted; it isn't that we aren't just as glad to-day to see the prodigal come back, and just as lovingly anxious to welcome him home as ever was anybody. It is the manner in which the prodigal son of 1887 frequently returns that throws a wet blanket over the festivities of the welcome. When he comes down the road with his hat hanging on his ear and his hands in his pockets; when he kicks his faithful old house dog as he lounges in at the gate; when he calls his father "Gov'nor" and the hired man "Cull"; when he wants to know "What's for dinner?" when he has been in the house fifteen minutes; when he gives his elder brother two fingers to shake and advises him to "comb that hayseed out of his hair," when he throws himself into the easiest chair in the house, perches his feet on the window sill and announces that he'll "take a tub before dinner;" when he comes back with a generally forgiving air of good-fellowship about him, and tries to make all the rest of the family very easy and reassured—then it is, my son, that your father lunge to run and meet you while you are yet a great way off, and then, when you are within a plough length and wait you into a state of becoming humility and penitence by the time you are able to take off your hat to the bound boy and crawl up the front steps to ask your brother to shake hands with you. Good people are just as glad to-day as ever they were, my son, to see the prodigal come home, but it does rattle them a little to see him come home in a hack and ask them to pay the driver and send for his baggage.

An exchange quotes the testimony of an actor as to the terrible temptations to which young girls are exposed who choose the stage for a vocation:

I recall the instance of two girls who started almost even in theatrical life less than four years ago. They were warm personal friends, though in no way related. The first of them is a cold, statuesque and handsome sort of a woman, with a dash of Hebrew blood in her veins, and a manner that nothing ever ruffled. She took lessons in dancing, singing and elocution hour after hour every day, and she worked like a Trojan, even though she was only in the chorus. Having perfected herself in this part of her work, she saw that she needed gorgeous costumes to make any kind of an impression, and she took the usual means of getting them. The last time I saw her here in the spring she had a brougham of her own, wore \$18,000 or \$20,000 worth of diamonds on the stage, and was a majestic, complacent, handsome and successful woman.

The girl who started out with her still respectable and esteemed by her small circle of friends. Occasionally she capers about in the chorus; at other times she and her mother teach a children's dancing class. They are in wretched circumstances, and the dramatic career of the daughter is an emphatic and flat failure. Yet she started out more thoroughly equipped than her companion. Had she gone the way the other did, her success would have been very much greater. The conclusion of every man who is honest and whose experience of stage life is at all extensive must be absolute on questions of this sort. There is about one chance in ten thousand on the stage for a woman who is thoroughly honest and virtuous, and who is not backed up by influential friends. The other nine hundred and ninety-nine chances go to the women who accept things as they find them, and swallow the pill with as light a grimace as possible. These are the facts, stripped of all tawdry sentimentality and wishy-washy gauze.

From the interesting article on "Astronomy with an Opera Glass," in the August number of the *Popular Science Monthly*, we take the following:

Of course, the first thing the observer will see will be the mountains of the moon, for everybody has heard of them, and the most sluggish imagination is stirred by the

thought that one can look off into the sky and behold "the eternal hills" of another planet as solid and substantial as our own. But the chances are that, if left to their own guidance, ninety-nine persons out of a hundred would choose exactly the wrong time to see these mountains. At any rate, that is my experience with people who have come to look at the moon through my telescope. Unless warned beforehand, they invariably wait until full moon, when the flood of sunshine poured perpendicularly upon the face of our satellite conceals its rugged features as effectually as if a veil had been drawn over them. Begin your observations with the appearance of the narrowest crescent of the new moon, and follow it as it gradually fills, and then you will see how beautifully the advancing line of lunar sunrise reveals the mountains, over whose slopes and peaks it is climbing, by its ragged and sinuous outline. The observer must keep in mind the fact that he is looking straight down upon the tops of the lunar mountains. It is like a view from a balloon, only at a vastly greater height than any balloon has ever attained. Even with a powerful telescope the observer sees the moon at an apparent distance of several hundred miles, while with a field-glass magnifying six diameters the moon appears as if 40,000 miles off. The apparent distance with Galilei's telescope was 8,000 miles. Recollect how, when seen from a great height, the ruggedities of the earth's surface flatten out and disappear, and then try to imagine how the highest mountains on the earth would look if you were suspended 40,000 miles above them, and you will, perhaps, rather wonder at the fact that the moon's mountains can be seen at all.

CHARITY.

BY MRS. E. A. HAWKINS.

Agnes, when Alexander Great, Ordered his picture, clad in robes of state, The artist who essayed to do his will Met with an obstacle which taxed his skill. For, on the monarch's brow, a foeman's blade A long and most unslightly scar had made. To make a faithful likeness of the king, This blemish into prominence would bring. He pondered long, and this device then planned— To paint the sovereign leaning on his hand; His fingers covered but the wounded place, And left exposed his fine and noble face. So let us emulate the artist's zeal, Each other's faults and failings to conceal; With Christian love to hide defects from sight, And bring all good and noble traits to light.

DR. CURRY.

BY REV. CHAS. ADAMS, D. D.

Tidings come that he has taken his departure. I am sorry—and so is the great community of Methodism. While a multitude of Christian friends who knew him well, and had loved him long, are now lamenting his decease so sincerely and deeply, at the same time, we, also, who saw him but seldom, and had heard but once or twice his mild and pleasant voice—we, too, are mourners as well. For he was not a man occupying some corner; but he long seemed to be standing somewhere amid the very centre and citadel of American Methodism. He was not nominally a bishop; but what man more richly deserved to be such an officer, or was better fitted and qualified for it, or wielded an influence in the church superior to his? There were many greater orators and more attractive and impressive speakers than he; but where was a profounder reasoner, a more instructive preacher, a more enlightened and wise counselor, a more able writer, a more devoted adherent to his church, or a stronger defender of its principles?

His seeming was that of a man but slightly demonstrative—not one to shine brilliantly among his fellows and associates. He was a man of thought rather, introspective, quiet, least of all ostentatious, self-possessed, and completely self-controlled. At the same time—if we did not mistake him—he was one deeply in whose heart was planted the Christian life, and in whom Christ lived a welcome and constant guest.

Two years since, I looked in upon this good and great man for a moment or two, and exchanged what proved to be our final salutations. After a few words, he reminded me (we were very nearly equal in age) of our "transition to the other side;" and he spoke of the coming change as seeming to him imminent, and the prospect as being pleasant.

Well, he has passed on before me. May I be as ready when my time shall come!

Washington, Aug. 20.

THE ANGEL'S VISIT.

BY MRS. G. HALL.

It was Sunday in the great city—a bright, crisp, beautiful day. The streets were filled with a motley show of silks and satins, feathers and jewels, while carriages of every description rolled past, freighted with hoary age and rosy childhood, on the way to their several places of worship.

Already the sweet Cathedral chimed had ceased their morning call, and the old sexton had determined the latitude and longitude of Bible and Prayer-book. Everything was ready for the services to commence.

But mark you! No one could enter that massive door, to be welcome, whose hat and coat were not fashionably cut. Here, in this "earthly court," souls were fettered, and their wings "earth-clipped;" and one, who, if humble, ventured in, could hardly dare to pick even a comforting crumb of the bread of life.

The rector, a pale, scholarly man, with a fine, intellectual face, bearing in every lineament the meek spirit of the Master, in spite of the fashionable audience to whom he ministers, had taken his stand in the chancel, and was about to give out the opening hymn, when, all unseen by mortal eyes, there came on swift but noiseless pinions, a messenger sent from the Most High, who took his stand beside the sacred altar, and with greedy earnestness watched the multitude who thronged this earthly temple. He had been commanded by the Eternal One *here* to seek out the humble and contrite heart, and with it to abide, tenderly to fold his wings about it, and soothe, comfort, and guard it until he should again be called to his heavenly home.

Little did the quietly gathered crowd, each now in their respective place, dream that an Angel's eye was so intently gazing upon them. In yonder pew was a lady, young and passing fair, to mortal seeming strangely beautiful. But the light in her eye, alas! was a proud, earthly light, and the heart that beat beneath those queenly garments was, to the angel's eye, black and hideous, for passion and pride held tyrant sway therein. What wonder that the Angel sighed and turned away!

Fronting the altar sat a man of noble mien and lordly bearing. The whole congregation looked up to him with reverence and affection. He was a man of learning, of wealth, of benevolence, and of seeming piety. Every generous sentiment, every holy impulse, dwelt within his heart—so said the world; so those around him believed. But the Angel saw what mortals cannot see—down deep, deep into the soul, into the wild, warring strife waged there, where selfishness and heartlessness, ambition, discontent, aye, and black hypocrisy hold carnival. Ah! how many to whom the world pays homage, sit in such high places!

Here is a child, most beautiful in golden hair and shapely forehead. What soft, dewy eyes, and what a heavenly smile! One might almost think, if he were etherialized, that he could have claimed close relationship with the Angel himself; but, instead, this messenger from God mournfully shook his head, and turned away, for he saw a terrible deformity even there. In the soul tenanted that beautiful boy lay the germ of hatred to the Almighty, whom the Angel loved so well and worshiped so faithfully. Not even there can he dwell! The child is learning the lesson all too well. In the wealth and the splendor all about him, the innocent heart is growing callous and cold. Pity that wealth and fashion should so encroach upon God's prerogatives!

The Angel's wings drooped sadly. But wait! Presently through the vaulted temple swelled a voice, so full, so rich, so clear, that the eyes of the holy messenger flashed with the burning light which is wont to thrill the seraphim. Then they sought the singer, who, standing with uplifted eyes and rapt seraphic face, seemed pleading with the very majesty of heaven. But the Angel's sight was not the dull vision of mortality, but the clear, comprehending gaze of a pure spirit, and he was about to lift his wings and fly away, as he saw that this vast multitude were worshipping the creature rather than the Creator, and that, alas! even the heart of that glorious singer was itself the hateful abode of vanity, deceit and pride. "How can I obey the Eternal's commission?" he murmured sadly. "Is there not one, not one, of all the crowd before me, with whom I may abide, to soothe, to comfort, and to guard?"

Staying his pinions yet a moment, with one more searching glance the Angel scanned each member of that great congregation. Suddenly a heavenly radiance beamed upon him, as with the quick light of glad surprise he saw a woman, in most miserable garb of widowhood, who had just stolen up to the porch, and entered all unnoticed. She was poor and friendless, aye, and sick too. Her form was bowed, her eyes sunken, her hair snowy white, and her step trembling, for the sands of life were running low. But she heard the words as she entered: "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing, and one of them shall not fall to the ground without your Father? But the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear ye not: for ye are of more value than many sparrows."

Oh, the echo of those wondrous words, as they stole in upon her heart! What matter now if sharp winds flatter thin rags around her shivering limbs? What matter if her features are pinched, and her feet benumbed? She is not alone! Has not God promised to count even the hairs of her head?

And then the grand old hymn was sung, "Love divine, all love excelling," sung, "Love divine, all love excelling," sung, with her poor, cracked voice, tried she, with her poor, cracked voice, tried she, to join them as it swept a chord in memory for long years untouched, when she thinks of a happy home; where earthly love kept guard at the threshold and plenty sat at the board, and where at the Sabbath twilight hour, husband and children sang with her of this same dear, divine Love. That is all she has left to her now. Long years since then she has striven untruly and thanklessly to cancel the debt for daily bread.

There was no outward beauty, or comeliness, or grace, yet around that tottering form the Angel folded his white wings, and pressed the aching head close to his radiant bosom, as a father does his weary child, and soothed the anxious heart, whispering his own sweet language of comfort and peace. Yes, the quick, clear angel eyes saw through that thin, worn, faded veil of mortality the glorious, heavenly spirit enshrined there; far less bright and shining, perhaps, but scarcely less beautiful, than the spirits which wait around the throne, yet set in jewels of purest ray, and already sparkling in the light of heaven, washed in the atoning blood of the blessed Redeemer, and purified through much suffering. Do you wonder that *there* the Angel took up his abode?

Lonely and unattended, this humble saint entered the magnificent sanctuary; but not thus did she go out, for the messenger of God was by her side, and his arm about her. The cold eye of contempt and scorn was upon her as she went, but she did not feel it. The rich, and the proud, and the beautiful of earth passed her by, drawing aside their rich garments, that they might not be defiled; but her heavenly companion folded his wings all the closer about her, and the shafts of contempt and scorn spent their force in vain.

What matters the reproach, the derision, the harshness, the unkindness of earth, to those with whom the angels walk?

REMINISCENCES OF DR. DANIEL CURRY.

BY REV. R. H. HOWARD.

The first time I ever saw Dr. Curry was in the autumn of 1861, in the Monday morning New York Preachers' Meeting. In that meeting "there were giants in those days." Drs. Griswold, Ferris, Bangs, Thompson, Floy, Foster, True, Curry and others were present on that occasion. On that particular morning it would seem that Dr. Foster had introduced a resolution to the effect that the world would never be materially better than at present; that, neither in history nor Scripture, was there any sufficient warrant of a confident hope that truth and righteousness would ever ultimately universally prevail in the earth. Dr. Foster sustained his resolution with a modest, moderate speech, in which, in a subdued tone, he gave expression to his serious doubts and fears upon the subject. He was followed by Dr. Floy, who, with an earnestness and solemnity of manner in strange contrast with what would seem to have been befitting so eminent a humorist, proceeded to express his astonishment, not to say horror, that any evangelical minister, more especially any Methodist preacher, should give utterance to so unpardonable a heresy. Having quoted a few proof-texts in support of the popular view, he closed. Dr. Foster at once arose and said that, while he entertained great respect for the conscientious convictions of the last speaker, he must confess that, learned as he was, his surprise did not in the least dispel, or remove, his own doubts.

Dr. Foster's remarks were followed by one or two brief, commonplace addresses. Then there was a pause—a moment of silence. Dr. Curry now slowly rose to his feet. He began by saying that he must not be understood, by what he was about to say, as positively or finally committing himself one way or the other relative to the matter in hand. He would simply state how his own mind was naturally impressed by what to him seemed to be the general, or characteristic, trend and undertone of the Scriptures on this subject. Then followed an evidently impromptu, yet, nevertheless, most thoughtful, profound and eloquent meditation—one of the most lucid, cogent and conclusive statements of this whole subject to which I have ever been my good fortune to listen. When he had concluded, all felt that nothing more remained to be said on that question.

Dr. Curry has been esteemed by some, more particularly such as had never been favored with a personal acquaintance with him, as not naturally specially amiable or genial. So grave, sedate and stately were his public utterances, whether written or oral, that, as just suggested, by many he has been supposed not to abound in the milk of human kindness and sympathy. The fact is, however, that, socially, no man was ever more charming or entertaining than Dr. Curry, or ever exhibited a richer vein of humor than he.

Some years ago, the Doctor came to Boston to deliver a series of theological lectures. Hitherto, to the most of his hearers, he had been personally a stranger. After his opening lecture, having repaired to the Book-Room below, No. 38 Bromfield St., several of us preachers gathered about him, and began to ply him with questions relative to some of the positions maintained in the lecture just delivered; all of which he good-naturedly parried without our being made thereby much the wiser. The conversation soon branched out upon themes both grave and gay, and for nearly two hours, by his keen repartees, sallies of wit and wisdom, quaint and pithy sayings and anecdotes, he kept a wide and ever-increasing circle of eager and delighted listeners in the most animated spirits, often eliciting from them roars of hearty laughter. That interview, on the part of those Methodist

preachers, with Dr. Curry, I am sure, afforded them a surprising revelation as to the true inwardness of the grand old man. Then and there it became clearly manifest that, so far from his having ever been cold, unsympathetic or morose, he was really one of the most social and genial of men; that he was as warm as he was great-hearted; was endowed, meanwhile, with an inexhaustible fund of wit and humor, and was as true as he was an ardent lover of his brethren.

May I, as I cast this, my humble tribute, on to your fresh grave, be permitted, ere I close, to say—I loved Dr. Curry? Some twenty-five years ago, when the writer of this was pastor of a small charge among the hills of northern Vermont, he went one morning to the post-office, and took therefrom a letter bearing the imprint of the old Methodist Book Concern, No. 200 Mulberry St. Opening it, to my amazement, yet unspeakable delight, it contained a check for \$10, as compensation, or as a sort of honorarium, for two articles that had been published in the *Christian Advocate*. I could not have been more gratefully surprised had the same precious bit of paper come fluttering down into my empty hands from the cloudless sky above. Yes, that letter came from Dr. Curry, the editor of the "great official." It was addressed to one who to him was personally a perfect stranger, and one all unknown to fame. He was under no obligation whatever to send that sum of money to me. I should never have known the difference if he had not done so. That, meantime, in him which prompted to that deed was the movement of a nature than which, in my judgment, no nobler or more royal ever walked this earth.

SUNSET ON RIGHI CULM, SWITZERLAND.

BY REV. L. W. STAPLES.

Grand? Magnificent? Sublime? Yes, all this, and more. These are great words and full of meaning, yet they only half express these grandeur of God's handiwork. One would fain praise some faint lisping of human praise as he looks upon it all, but the feeble echo of human words in such a presence, painfully reminds him that silence only is big enough with which to measure, and in which to praise, these sublimities of Jehovah.

Four hours we have been toiling up the steep ascent, and now we stand on the very summit of the Rigi, 6,000 feet above the sea, and 4,500 above the lakes at the base. Below us, to the south, is that little gem of a lake, Zug, so near that it really seems as if we could hurl a stone into it; to the west and south, Lake Lucerne, so close to the base of the mountain that we can see only four different parts of it which appear like four tiny lakes instead of one large one; to the northeast, Lake Löwen, also close to the base of the mountain. This lake was the scene of that fearful landslide of 1806, which swept down the steep slopes of the Rossberg from a fearful height, burying four villages and some five hundred people, and filling one-quarter of the lake.

The shores of all these lakes are dotted with Swiss villages, the fresh green valleys below us with quaint Swiss cottages, the steep hillsides with the rude huts of Swiss shepherds, and still above these thickly wooded hills reach up to the craggy, precipitous sides of the Rigi. Faintly to my ears come the bleating of the flocks and the yodel of Alpine shepherd lads. Such is the quiet, beautiful world below us. Around us is a panorama of grandeur, seldom, if ever, equaled.

From the extreme northeast, sweeping round the whole eastern and southern horizon, is one continuous line of Alpine peaks, both near and far, where "Alps on Alps still rise," snow-crowned, burdened with mighty glaciers, and mysterious in their awful solitudes. To the northeast old Glarneck lifts his many peaks far up into regions of eternal snow. Next toward the south the Todi peaks, then Windgelle, and Bristenst, and Uriroth, and Titlis, and in the far southwest the giants of the Bernese Oberland—Jungfrau, Finsteraarhorn, Schreckhorn, Gletschhorn, and Eggischhorn, crowned with eternal snow, lift themselves far above their nearer but lesser comrades. To the extreme west old Pilatus, craggy, bald, sullen, towers more than a thousand feet above us.

Lakes and landscape below are already draped in shadow, but these snow-clad peaks around us are ablaze with glory. As age is said to enrich the paintings of the old masters, softening and enhancing their colors, so distance gives a mellow richness to the glittering panoply of these distant peaks. They blaze, but it is with a softened, heavenly halo, that charms, but never pains, the beholder. Then one after another, the lesser peaks step down into the shadow till only the giants of this grandeur remain in their golden glory. These stand for a time in a sort of tremulous, ethereal brightness, as if bidding each other good-night, while they tuck the weary world into bed, and draw the curtains. The candles of twilight remain burning for a little, until the timid world is hushed in slumber, and then darkness, and stillness, and the grandeur of night rest down over all, while these eternal

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Miscellaneous.

ANOTHER VIEW OF SCOTLAND.

BY REV. C. B. PITBLADO.

That was an interesting letter from Rev. Charles Parkhurst about Scotland, in a recent HERALD. But of course there are some things in it that might be improved.

He was "disappointed" with the scenery. He thinks it "overpraised." Ever since 1810, when Scott by his "Lady of the Lake" made the Western Highlands famous and raised the post-horse duty, tourists have been swarming out to see that lone and rugged land. One may be disappointed, if it is rainy, and he is near-sighted, and he goes only to the Ardenochrochan Inn, or creeps into the Troasach's Pass. But it is difficult to understand how any one can be disappointed if he has ever stood among the peaks of Benne or near Roderic Dhu's watch-tower and watched the waters of Loch Katrine twining among the rocks and playing on the lap of the great, wild mountains. But Bro. Parkhurst may not have seen Loch Katrine. He did see Loch Lomond, and thinks it "overpraised." He says that Lake Winnepesaukee is "more beautiful." Well, the Lake has many poetic charms, and we love it, but it is simply flat compared with the Loch. The Lake is an idyl; the Loch is an epic. The Lake is "beautiful"; the Loch is sublime. It lies in a deep, picturesque ravine. Huge mountains stand like dark sentinels around it. Islets like fairy baby queens lie on its bosom. Here and there among the uplands peeps out a shepherd's shieling or a cottager's cottage. Brooks, the poets of the lone hills, sing down the mountains and wander among the heather and the moss. Cascades, the musicians of the rocky glens, make music under the shadow of the wild woodlands. Ben Lomond is there, with his scarf of mist and mystery, and from whose heart there springs a stream that flows and deepens and spreads until it forms a harbor for about half the commerce of the land.

From the scenes of Scott's "Lady of the Lake," it seems easy and natural to lift ourselves in thought to the scenes of James Hogg's "Queen's Wake." If Bro. Parkhurst could only have made that "point," it might have been more to his taste. That valley, along which runs the glen, up which "Kilmeny" went, is beautiful as—what shall we say? as a poet's or a fairy's dream. It is deep, wide, green, and lies between two mountain chains. All through the valley there are baby hills diademed with groves or heather, often looking like islets in a misty sea. Towards the west there is a wondrous hill of magical greenness, called St. Fillan's, nestling among the heath, whirly skirts of the brown and purple mountains. Northward there sits Dunbar, where art reigns a queen among shaven lawns and refted gardens and cultured groves. Just behind this artistic floss there frowns a mountain veiled with woodland wildness, and behind the veil a concert by a hundred waterfalls. In the dell, streams glitter here and there, like molten silver in the sun, as they run among the meadows and twine around the wee hills. Beyond is the blue, islanded Loch Earn, and at its back the black Benvenich. He is a moody wizard.

I don't think any one would be disappointed if he could only look at this scene from the top of Dunmore, and see the golden day dying among the crags of Benmore, and listen to the weird call of the caldrons in Glenelg, and hear the silvery singing of a myriad streamlets among the hazels of Dalginross.

Take the whole country, whether the tourist will follow you or not. Look at the mountains. None of them may rise five thousand feet above the sea, but they are monarchs and almost countless. You need not try to dwarf them by telling us of the White Mountains or of Chimborazo. They have a glory all their own. They are the home of the silence and the storm, the heather and the eagle. An eagle will glorify a mountain more than a condor or a crow. You can hear the sigh of nature's soul among these mountain gorges.

Look at the lochs. Scotland can boast of no very large lakes. Loch Ness, the largest in the country, is only twenty miles long, but is deep as the North Sea—about eight hundred feet. It flows through the "great glen." That gives it glory enough. The tourist sees no Lake Erie or Superior, but he may see Lochs Lomond and More and Maree. Did mortal or poetic man ever see anything more sublime? We don't know any one who has "overpraised" them.

Think, too, of the quiet rock-tarns. They sleep on the sides of great green hills, or sparkle and dance on rocky plateaus. They are often sprinkled with clusters of glaciated islets. Moraine-tarns, or ponds, are found in myriads cuddled in the heart of steep mountain crannies. They seem like little pieces of poetry shining in their glacier-worn vases, or like great drops fallen from the "crystal sea," to quiver among the recesses of the Highland hills. What a weird, lovely, fairy thing is Loch Skene, dreaming at the head of the Moffat Waters!

Is there any land, I wonder, where the beautiful and sublime melt into each other so naturally as in Scotland? The Lowlands wave and rise and undulate away into the Highlands, like the spirit of beauty rushing into the soul of sublimity to become enthroned there. No one who has felt the scenery of that sublime land, can ever forget its mystic spirit. He will creep nearer to God, as in thought or otherwise he calls its tarts, and will feel the spirit of the Almighty's grandeur, as in thought or otherwise he listens to its storms singing on a hundred hills.

How easy it is, amid such scenes, for some souls to fly nature-ward and unite

themselves with the beauty and the grandeur! Wings grow within them, and away they fly through the moonshine on Loch Ericht, or sail amid the cliffs of Ben Nevis and along the crags of Ben Macduil, or float through the Western Isles, or soar in the royal eagle up, up to God. You can't tell where we are by looking at us.

The scientist tells us that these hills and glens and lakes are only matter. They are matter; but we could have no such pleasure in them if they were only matter. They must have some affinity to ourselves, or we could not care for them as we do. Nature to some of us is more than a farm, or a puzzle, or a poem. It is a temple.

But we are forgetting Bro. Parkhurst. He has something to say about Edinburgh preachers. He was "impressed and helped" by Dr. Matheson. Bonar's devoutness fell upon him like "a benediction and inspiration." John McNeill caused tears to trickle "down faces crimsoned and begrimed with shame." But, like the scenery, Dr. Cairns "was disappointing." There was "no unctious." He gave the "cold stone of metaphysics" for bread. He forgot what "his Master" said, and gave "death" for life. That seems pretty tough language for such a tender, charitable soul as Parkhurst. We guess it isn't just right somehow.

He contrasts Principal Cairns and John McNeill in this way: "Ah! I said, in contrast with the cold culture of the afternoon, this [McNeill's preaching] is the power of the constraining love of Christ for lost souls." What? Who that knows anything about the two men, would dream of saying that McNeill has more real love for men than has the great and good old man, Dr. Cairns? The two types of men are so very different. Cairns is the highly intellectual; McNeill is the gushingly emotional. They may seldom appreciate each other. They may be both needed in the pulpit, but a mixture of the two kinds of preaching is best. We have a right to our taste in regard to preaching; we have also a right to criticize the preachers if we desire; but when we become judges of the "mind of Christ" in them, we attempt to climb beyond our limitations.

Bro. Parkhurst draws his moral from his day's listening—"that he preaches best who is most touched and filled with the mind of Christ." That seems an old enough truth, but it is only half a truth. It might be added to, thus: He preaches best who is most touched and filled with the mind of Christ, *other things being equal*. Strange that we should constantly leave out, in this connection, temperance, ability and adaptation. Nature goes for something, as well as grace.

"What silences we keep year after year,
With those who are most near to us and dear,
We live beside each other day by day,
And speak of myriad things, but seldom say
The full, sweet word that lies just in our reach,
Beneath the commonplace of common speech.
Then out of sight and out of reach they go—
Those close, familiar friends who loved us so."
And sitting in the shadow they have left,
Alone, with loneliness, and sore bereft,
We think with vain regret of some kind word
That once we might have said, and they have heard."

CHARLES G. FINNEY.

BY REV. F. A. CRAFTS.

HIS METHODS WITH DIFFERENT CLASSES.

On his way home from a period of successful labors in Boston, in 1842, he was persuaded, though very weary, to remain in the city of Rochester, N. Y., through which he was passing, and hold a series of meetings. He had not been long in the place before Judge G., who was then one of the judges of the court of appeals, and stood very high in the profession, united with other members of the bar in a request that Mr. Finney would preach a course of sermons to lawyers. To this he consented. And to meet the skepticism that held many of these lawyers of Rochester in its grasp, he considered, in several discourses, the question: "Do we know anything?" The Washington Street Church, in which the services were held, was filled with a very intelligent congregation, many of whom were of the class for whom these sermons were preached. After several evenings had been thus employed, the Judge, one day, said to Mr. Finney: "You have cleared the ground to my satisfaction thus far; but when you come to the question of the endless punishment of the wicked, you will slip up; you will fail to convince us on that question." This hint led to a more careful presentation of that point, and as the Judge met the preacher the next day, he said: "Mr. Finney, I am convinced." This was said in a manner that indicated that not only had his intellect been convinced, but that his heart had been touched.

From evening to evening the meeting went on, till it was evident that many were deeply moved; and the speaker, in view of bringing them to act, prepared a suitable discourse. While Mr. Finney was preaching this discourse, Judge G. was sitting in the gallery, with his cloak wrapped around him, but disappeared from his place just before its close; and when about the last words were being spoken, some one pulled the speaker by the coat, and, turning, Mr. F. saw the Judge, who said: "Will you pray for me by name, and I will take the anxious seat." The Judge had been opposed to the practice of inviting persons to the anxious seat, in a former series of meetings, and in this series nothing had been said about the anxious seat. The congregation had seen the Judge as he went up to the pulpit steps, and when they were told what he had said, there was a great sensation; and as he knelt in front of the pulpit, the lawyers arose,

almost *en masse*, and crowded to the front, and into the aisles, and wherever they could find a place to kneel; and all this before a request had been given for them to come forward. But the invitation was then given, and many responded.

Judge G. and a large number of the lawyers, as well as other persons, were converted, as a result of two months' labor.

Mr. Finney remarks in regard to lawyers, "that, as a general thing, they take a more intelligent view of the plan of salvation than any other class of men to whom I have ever preached."

While laboring in Reading, Pa., Mr. Finney was visited, very early one morning, by a lawyer belonging to one of the first families in the town, who was in great agitation of mind, expressing the conviction that there was no hope for him. He then related the fact that while a student in Princeton College, he and two of his classmates became anxious about their souls, and went together to Dr. Ashbel Green, then president of the college, and asked him what they should do to be saved. He said the Doctor told them he was very glad to have them come and make the inquiry, and then told them to keep out of all bad company, to read their Bible steadily, and to pray to God to give them a new heart.

"Continue this," he added, "and press forward in duty, and the Spirit of God will convert you, or else He will leave you, and you will return back to your sins again." It seems the convicted students attempted to follow the directions given, but their interest soon declined, "and we did not care to pray any longer," he said; and, bursting into tears: "My two companions are in drunkards' graves, and if I cannot repent, I shall soon be in one myself." He was led to see, at length, that his deep concern for his soul's salvation was an indication that God was still calling him. Thus he was led to bow before God and make a full surrender, and it was evident that then and there he became a true convert. Afterwards he said: "Oh, if Dr. Green had only told us this that you have told me, we should all have been converted immediately. But my friends and companions are lost; and what a wonder of mercy it is that I am saved!"

During his labors in Gouverneur, Mr. Finney met Dr. S., a leading Universalist, who, surrounded by many of his followers, undertook to demolish the evangelist, but found all his strongholds destroyed in the encounter. One by one his friends left the place where the conversation occurred, till he was left alone. Then he was urged to give immediate attention to his soul's salvation. Returning to his house, as was learned from his wife, he showed great agitation. At length his wife inquired if he had seen Mr. Finney. He replied: "Yes, and he has turned my weapons on my own head." His agony became intense, and soon after he found hope in Christ. Mr. Finney adds: "In a few days his companions were brought in, one after another, till, I believe, the revival made a clean sweep of them." (Autobiography, pp. 119-121.)

In his extensive labors he met a great variety of errors, dangerous to the interests of the soul. Of those encountered in a certain place, he writes as follows: "They supposed themselves to have been made Christians by baptism, and especially by receiving the communion. If asked when they became Christians, nearly every one of them would reply that they took their communion at such a time of Dr. M., or some other divine. And when I asked them if they thought that was religion, they would say yes, they supposed it was. Indeed, that was the idea of Dr. M. himself. In walking with him to the grave of Dr. Greer, he told me he had made sixteen hundred Christians by baptism, and giving them the communion, since he became pastor of that church" (p. 267).

Among the converts in one place was a distiller, who had just made arrangements to go more extensively into the business, with all modern improvements. All, or nearly all, of his family were also saved. As soon as the grace of God took effect in his heart, he said: "I shall have nothing to do with that. I shall tear my distillery down. I will neither work it, nor sell it to be worked." Not long after this, on the morning of the very day that his family were received into the church, he departed in holy triumph, to unite with the church triumphant (pp. 265-6).

HIS VIEWS OF BOSTON CHURCHES.

In his Autobiography he speaks very frankly, as follows: "I have labored in Boston in five powerful revivals of religion, and I express it as my sincere conviction that the greatest difficulty in overcoming Unitarianism, and all the forms of error there, is the timidity of Christians. Knowing, as they do, that they are constantly exposed to the criticisms of the Unitarians, they have become over-cautious. Their faith has become depressed. And I do fear that the prevalence of Unitarianism and Universalism there, has kept them back from preaching, and holding forth the danger of the impenitent, as President Edwards presented it. The doctrine of endless punishment, the necessity of entire sanctification, or the giving up of all sin, as a condition of salvation—indeed, the doctrines that are calculated to arouse men, are not, I fear, held forth with that frequency and power that are indispensable to the salvation of that city" (p. 385).

Again: "I felt that what was needed was, to see Christians live out the pure gospel of Christ. They needed to hear him say, and prove what they said by their lives, that Jesus Christ was a divine Saviour, able to save them from all sin. Their professions of faith in Christ did not accord with their experiences, for they could not say that they found Christ, in their experience, what they preached Him to be. There was needed the testimony of God's living witnesses to convince the Unitarians." (p. 384.)

JOTTINGS FROM THE CONNECTICUT VALLEY.

BY REV. R. W. ALLEN, D. D.

What a charming country is this valley! For beauty, fertility and salubrity, it is rarely surpassed. It is not surprising that it attracted the people in and around Boston at an early day in our history, and that a company, under the superintendence of Mr. William Pynchon, left for the "Great River" in 1633, and pitched their tents in what is now Springfield, Mass. Think of that company making their way from Boston and Charlestown to Springfield through an unbroken forest! What a journey that must have been! On reaching the elevation east of the river, and looking into the valley, where the city of Springfield is principally located, what a charming prospect opened before them! The prospect before Lot in the valley of Jordan could not have been more inviting. Could that company now open their eyes and see what they would see, what changes would rise before them! Springfield is among the largest and most prosperous of our New England cities, and is the centre of a large tract of country, including a number of large, flourishing towns, a few of which we recently visited.

WILBRAHAM.

is located about nine miles east, delightfully situated at the foot of a range of hills on the east, and furnishing beautiful situations for family residences. Its principal importance centres in the Wesleyan Academy, removed there from New Hampshire, in 1826. A better location for it could not have been found in all of New England. The institution has a large property, consisting of a farm of some two hundred acres, under good cultivation, and large, elegant buildings, meeting the necessities, and admirably adapted to the purposes of the institution, all free from debt, and a permanent fund being received with a prospect that the desired amount will soon be reached through the efficient labors of Dr. Loranus Crowell. It has an able faculty, and is still, as it long has been, the popular resort of students. It is safe to say that the institution was never in a better condition and sharing more largely in the confidence of the people, than at present.

The Methodist Episcopal society has a beautiful, substantial church edifice, admirably located, and in a prosperous state under the pastoral labors of Rev. J. R. Cushing. If the fathers of this could see the changes which have taken place in it, would they not be surprised? What trials and persecutions they experienced! What a story could Abraham Avery and Abel Bliss tell of those struggles and conflicts! What triumphs were experienced in soul-saving! Twice the New England Conference held its session there, and they were seasons of extraordinary power. Its first house of worship, a plain wooden edifice, with its high pulpit—what seasons of divine power and saving grace were experienced in it! We remember it well in our school days; and what sermons we heard in it by Dr. Willbur Fisk, Orange Scott, Edward Hyde and others! At the last session of the Conference there, Joel Hawkins, of Warehouse Point, East Windsor, Conn., was present, and heard Bishop George preach, and he was so affected by the sermon, that he at once called the Methodist Episcopal Church at Warehouse Point a thousand dollars, the interest of which was to be used for the support of the Gospel there through all time. Methodism is still a power in Wilbraham. The spirit of the fathers lives in the church.

GRANBY.

This interesting town is located some eleven miles north of Springfield, and was formerly a part of South Hadley, small in territory, about six miles square; the soil is undulating, rich and fertile, and the entire business of the town is agriculture and horticulture. The farms are in the best condition, showing great skill and the latest improvements in their culture. The buildings are models of neatness, taste, and arrangement. It has about eight hundred inhabitants, principally Americans. There is but one meeting for public worship on the Sabbath—Congregational—the church edifice being located near the centre, near to which there is a store and post-office, with two malls a day. The people, while some do not see alike in some of their religious views, yet unite in liberally supporting one good meeting, rather than divide into small, feeble churches, as is done in many places. Rev. Pliny Steele Boyd is the pastor, greatly esteemed and beloved. The congregation is regular in attendance, and liberal in supporting religious institutions. It takes no collections in the church. Boxes are placed at the entrance, bearing the names of the different benevolent objects, and the people deposit in each as they are disposed, and it is found at the end of the year that each object has received a liberal support. The people are educated up to the duty of contributing to God's cause, and need no special pulpit or other efforts to stir them to duty; the stir is in themselves. When will the Methodist Episcopal Church become thus educated? When this takes place—may it be hastened!—then our missionary secretaries will not be calling for a million for missions, and arousing the church by special efforts to reach that, but millions will flow into the treasury without any such efforts. Educate, educate the people to the right standard of contributing to the Lord's cause; and when this is done, there will be no lack of funds for every good cause. No intoxicating liquors are sold in the town, and none are used except by a very few foreigners. The people, as we should suppose, are intelligent. The best magazines, monthlies and weeklies, in different departments of literature, are taken and

read, and I am pleased to say that Zion's Herald is not a stranger, and is taken and read by many with interest.

BAY VIEW.

BY FRANC HAKER.

Bay View is one of the numerous resorts which line the shore of Lake Michigan, and is situated at the head of Little Traverse Bay, the "Naples of America." The grounds recede from a pebbly beach in wooded terraces about thirty feet high in amphitheatre form, giving rare opportunities for landscape adornment. From every terrace (and the fourth is now being pre-empted) you may obtain fine views of the pictorial bay, the Italian sunsets, and the cloud panorama over the bay. Picturesque glens and groves, crystal springs, stately hills, and venerable forests still further adorn the landscape.

A little more than a decade ago, the Methodists found this spot and dedicated it to camp-meeting purposes and a permanent summer resort, where the mercury registered, for example, 75 degrees as against 92 degrees at Grand Rapids, Aug. 5. Two hundred cottages and more, with spacious verandas, of unique and fanciful architecture, some of them as ornate as a Newport villa, have been erected. Two years ago these same Methodists found John M. Hall, a union ticket place, and a great multitude are invited to the banquet. The second Assembly of the Michigan department of Chautauqua has recently been held; and Mr. Hall in the program, whether in institute, departmental, or platform work, has achieved a grand success.

Dr. Pierson came over a thousand miles to sound a trumpet in the ears of this Christian people on the great missionary problem, the world's evangelization, using for the motto, "All are to go, and to go to all." During the three days' missionary congress different phases of the work were discussed. Our honored layman, W. E. Blackstone, considered both the dark and the bright side of missionary work; Robert P. Wilder spoke on the work in American colleges; Miss Francis Baker gave a general review of the nineteenth century results; Dr. Haskell of the Baptist, and Rev. G. W. Paddock of the Congregational church also took part, the last denomination representing only the home side.

Temperance Day was in the hands of the W. C. T. U., and a red-letter day it was, under Rev. Anna Shaw to champion the ballot, demanding before God for women who bear children, an opportunity to bring them up for God with the sin of intemperance and of prostitution put away from them; and Dr. Anna Ballard, to whom Michigan is indebted for pushing the bill through the Legislature which raised the age of consent from ten to sixteen years—though she demanded eighteen—gave a carefully-prepared paper on Social Purity; and "the best known and best loved woman in America," Frances E. Willard, lectured on the same subject as only she can; and Mrs. Corse, of Chicago, who feels called of God to "arise and build" a temperance temple, gave a *resumé* of her plans for the same, some of which are already materialized, a lot having been secured in the heart of that wonderful city, which will give them three fronts, and an incorporation license issued: "The Woman's Temperance Building Association at Chicago, capital stock \$100,000; to secure, or erect, or construct a building suitable for a hall, auditorium and offices of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and such other offices as are necessary for temperance work." On the board of trustees are Senator Colquitt, General Fisk, Ferdinand Schumacher and Melville C. Stone—all Methodists, the two last named being respectively the "oatmeal king," and editor of the *Daily News*, our metropolitan Western paper of largest circulation. It is expected that Senator Blair, Dr. R. H. McDonald, J. B. Cornell, and others, both men and women, will be added to the list. These women were untrammelled by any conventional rules of by-gone age, but were allowed to discuss their all-important themes as God gives them to see the right. At the informal reception held in the evening at the beautiful Chautauqua Cottage, Miss Willard was presented with her namesake, a girl of twelve or fourteen summers, who has inherited with her name, Frances E. Willard, an active interest in the cause of temperance.

Among the many departmental workers, we were very happy in having with us Miss Matilde H. Ross, a lady of broad culture and refinement, a kind of educational evangelist, whose prophetic instincts and utterances regarding what our national public school system should become, are receiving the heartiest endorsement from leading educators all over the land. She is a rare teacher of teachers, and is kindling much enthusiasm and interest among them as she demonstrates the practicability of carrying the philosophical principles and methods of the kindergarten system continuously into the schools of higher grade.

But while we are prepared to substantiate the two or three innovations, and would be glad to expatiate on them, the "Chautauqua Cottage" and the "Michigan Department of Chautauqua" wish to emphasize the "beautiful-for-situation," unrivaled location, and reiterate until even a Boston audience can understand, that Bay View is a picture. More than all Bay View is a picture. No matter where you find him, at a Methodist meeting on denominational day, as pastor of a Sunday-school, in picturesque Greek words, or the ministers' institute, it is too difficult work to find fault with him. The Dean does not aim at verse, nor yet poetry; but at telling what he wants to say, he is the poem of Bay View.

His fraternal felicitations and counsels, his impressive address, his tender and sweet expressions, as well as his strong personality, and the benediction of his presence, have fast bound him to the Assembly, which certainly is to be congratulated upon this engagement.

Upon our lecture platform we have had many of the leading, and some of the best, spirits that live; and so satisfactory is much of the work being done, that some of the specialists are invited to return another year. One of the nearest little gems on the grounds is the book store, a branch of the Detroit House of Phillips & Hunt. Our new amphitheatre must be enlarged; hotel accommodation, though more than doubled, must also be increased; and while miles of sidewalk and pipes are laid, they must be extended. The one thing perfect is the Chautauqua Cottage, our joy and our pride, with its beautiful tower, broad verandas, and artistic details. Inside are spacious parlors beautifully furnished, to which we invite you after this peripatetic letter is finished.

EMPIRE GROVE CAMP-MEETING.

This meeting commenced Aug. 22, and closed the 29th. These grounds are among the oldest in the State of Maine; an annual meeting having been held here for about thirty years. Great improvements have been made from time to time, until the Old "Empire Grove" justly ranks among the very best in the State. The avenues are well laid out, the grounds well graded, the shade perfect, pure water from a "Poland Spring" distributed over the grounds, a fine preachers' stand and chair-back seats, with an auditorium made by nature, exactly right.

These grounds are managed by an incorporated association, who have a lease of over forty acres of land for ninety-nine years. The corporation is out of debt, with a small surplus in the treasury. Among the improvements of last year is a spacious lodging house, containing twenty-one rooms; and the erection of three new cottages, among the best upon the encampment. The prospect is fair for twice as many more the ensuing year. There are now over forty cottages upon the grounds, which are largely occupied as a place of "summer resort."

The spiritual interests of the meeting were under the management of Rev. E. T. Adams, presiding elder of Lewiston District, whose ability, skill and tact are a sure guaranty of success, wherever he presides. The services of Tuesday and Wednesday were principally confined to the chapel and larger society tents, on account of the severe rain of the three first days of the week.

Preaching was regularly had at 10 A. M., 2 P. M., and 7.30 in the evening of each day. The following brethren of the clergy preached during the meeting: E. K. Kemnison, Wilbur F. Holmes, Wm. H. Foster, J. M. Buftum, W. F. Berry, G. B. Hannaford, G. D. Holmes, Charles S. Cummings, W. S. McIntire, H. Hewitt, O. S. Pillsbury, E. S. Stackpole, Gerson F. Cobb, M. K. Mabry, N. T. Whitaker, and Theodore Gerrish. The preaching was all good, and it is no discrimination against the many fine discourses delivered during the week to say that the sermon of Rev. H. Hewitt, of Monmouth, on Thursday—a comparative stranger among us—was very able and much enjoyed by his hearers; while the soul-stirring, eloquent sermons of Rev. Dr. Whitaker, of Portland, and Rev. T. Gerrish, of Biddeford, to audiences of over five thousand attentive listeners on the Sabbath, were justly pronounced among the best ever preached upon these grounds.

The bad weather of the first part of the week kept away many who would otherwise have been present, but the Sabbath drew an immense crowd, larger than had attended at any one meeting for the last ten years. And yet the most perfect order and decorum prevailed all over the grounds the entire day and evening. The religious priorities of the day were strictly observed by all present, and the quiet of the occasion was like that of a house of God. After services were held during the meeting, many of which were seasons of great power and religious interest. The doctrines of a higher Christian life were explained and urged in many of the sermons preached during the meeting; while many who listened, made a new consecration of their all to the Master and His service. Many conversions were reported, the exact number of which I am unable to state.

The singing, under the lead of Evangelist Hart, with his son at the organ, was grand and soul-inspiring, and contributed greatly to the interest of the meeting.

Children's meetings, under the lead of Mrs. P. E. Adams, were daily held, with the best results. On the whole, the meeting was a grand success. Among the interested visitors present was the venerable Rev. Wm. F. Farrington, who more than a half century ago started out from Poland "Empire" to preach the Gospel, and is spending the evening of his days near the old homestead of his youth.

At the annual meeting of the Association, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Rev. E. T. Adams; vice-president, Rev. S. T. Record; treasurer, Gen. John J. Perry; secretary, J. C. Davis; auditor, D. P. Horr; directors, S. D. Thomas, Dr. D. B. Sawyer, A. L. Gardner, Wm. H. Miles, and J. H. Winslow.

East Poland, Maine. J. J. P.

Our Book Table.

Funk & Wagnalls continue the publication of THE PEOPLE'S BIBLE; the work has now reached the eighth volume, and this last issue embraces homiletic annotations upon Judges from the sixth chapter, to the eighteenth of Samuel. One can but be struck with the fertility of thought and illustration exhibited by the popular and London preacher. For the popular use, as presenting impressive applications of these Old Testament narratives, the work will afford valuable aid. Octavo, \$1.50.

FAVORITE AMERICAN AUTHORS, by Sarah K. Bolton. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 12mo, with portraits, \$1.50. Mrs. Bolton has prepared an excellent series of very instructive and useful volumes, which have had famous literary and artistic illustrations, famous rulers, and now we have a very well written volume of sketches of Emerson, Longfellow, Irving, Prescott, Hawthorne, Holmes, Lowell, Howells, Cable, Gilder, Clemens, and Ward, etc.—sixteen biographies of marked writers of the present generation in our country. We heartily commend the book to our youthful readers. Mature minds will find much that is suggestive in the author's estimate of her honored subjects.

ENTERING ON LIFE: A Book for Young Men, by Cunningham G. G. G. D. D. New York: John B. Alden. 12mo, cloth, 40 cents; postage, 5 cents. The first volume of the series is as it is able and excellent, and contains six fresh, vigorous, and happily illustrated discourses, by the author of "The Life and Words of Christ," upon such topics as character, companions, work, particularly successful in laying the foundation of a fortune, and keeping himself from the many temptations of mining life. The story is told with much spirit; the scenes are rough and not specially inspiring, but give a pretty correct idea of life in the Golden State a few years ago.

The Fowler & Wells Co. issue, in their Human Nature Library for July, a descriptive and illustrated treatise upon PHRENOLOGY, ITS PRINCIPLES AND PROOFS. Paper covers, 10 cents.

Periodicals and Pamphlets.

The New Princeton Review for September opens with an interesting paper on "Lord Byron," by Richard Henry Stoddard. It votes but small space to biographical notes, but rather writes of his literary career. The essay is critical, appreciative, apologetic, and not entirely blind to the moral tone of his subject's later poems. Prof. H. W. Conn, of Middlebury, has a thoughtful paper on "The Origin of Life," showing how far the domain of evolution has gone in its investigation, and the nature of the chain which is falling to bridge. Pertinent to the approaching anniversary, Alex. Johnston has a suggestive review of "The First Century of the Constitution." Ex-Gov. Colquitt has a fervent and able paper which he entitles, "Some Facts Words on Prohibition." Brander Matthews turns the tables upon the English publishers and authors, and shows how hardly American authors have fared at their hands, not simply in having their books pirated by tens of thousands, but altered and sent out with false titles. Mr. Gifford gives the history of the "Dorr Rebellion in Rhode Island;" Mr. Bliss a very interesting history of the "Town's Mind" (the town meeting); and Julia R. Kerr, a fine classical story of the "Great Greek Outing." A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York.

The Andover Review for September gives a lady—Miss Vida D. Scudder—the place of honor. She opens the number with an admirable paper upon "The Effect of the Scientific Temper in Modern Poetry." This is to be followed by a second paper. A London writer has a warmly appreciative contribution upon "Robertson of Brighton." Mr. Olin Smith seeks to answer the question, "If Materialism, why Materialism?" Rev. E. A. Lawrence has another very valuable paper upon "Missionary Problems in India." His articles upon China, and such others as he may contribute, should be published in a separate volume. Mr. H. A. Hill discusses "The Religion of the American Board to the Churches." The editorials are, a sketch of "Albion's Hardy," and "Comments on Current Events." The volume is a collection of miscellaneous essays. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The American S. S. Union sends out a very interesting sheet, eight pages, on colored paper, with ornamental covers, entitled the *Philadelphia Freeman*. It recounts the circumstances attending the burning of the Temple Theatre in that city, in 1886, with very affecting incidents relating to the death of firemen, one of them a faithful and devout Christian. The attractive and impressive pamphlet is sold at 3 cents a copy.

The Magazine of American History opens for September with an illustrated story of Gen. James M. Varnum, of the continental Army. Herbert W. Henshaw, the historian of the Pacific States, tells "How California was Secured." J. D. Butler writes about "Revolutionary Cannon;" W. M. Dickson upon "Union, Secession and Abolition;" Hon. C. K. Tuckerman upon "The United States and the Greek Revolution;" Mr. Le Plongeon, "The Mayas;" Rev. Dr. Lamson sketches "A Patriotic Parson"—Parson Cleveland. This number has its full amount of interesting short papers and miscellany. 743 Broadway, New York.

The Art Amateur for September, has for its frontispiece a portrait plate decoration by Ellen Waiby, with six supplemental designs. The "Note Book" fully sustains its monthly interest. The contributions are a continuous stream under "The Fifth Avenue;" and under "ment under "Gallery and Studio Furniture," the titles of "Decorations and Furniture," "Old Books and New," "Designs, Ceramics and Correspondence." 23 Union Square, New York.

The Homiletic Review for September has a sharp but appreciative review of Rev. Phillips Brooks as a preacher and writer. Dr. T. T. Eaton gives an essay on "The Labor of the Soul." Prof. Winchell finds new illustrations of the doctrine of evolution in "Recent Scientific Discoveries." Prof. Stockenbridge writes about "The University of Berlin." Prof. Thwing has a good article upon "The Preacher's Voice;" Prof. Sheppard portrays Robertson of Brighton, under the title of "A Soldier in the Pulpit." The number has the usual varied and interesting miscellany. New York: Funk & Wagnalls.

The Sunday School.

THIRD QUARTERLY REVIEW.
Sunday, September 25.

BY REV. W. O. HOLWAY, U. S. N.

I. Preliminary.

The lessons for the past quarter were taken from the first seven chapters of the Gospel of St. Matthew. Of these lessons the first six were historical or narrative in character, and the last six didactic or doctrinal, consisting of selections from the Sermon on the Mount.

II. Lesson Analysis.

1. The topic of LESSON I (Matt. 2: 1-12) was, "The Infant Jesus." The arrival of the "wise men" in Jerusalem, inquiring for Him who is "born King of the Jews," and announcing that they had seen His star in the East and had come to worship Him; King Herod's consternation; his plan to use the "wise men" as detectives to report to him on their return; the journey of the latter to Bethlehem; the re-appearance of the star; the discovery of the young Child and His mother; their acts of homage and costly offerings; and the warning given them by a night vision—were the principal points in the lesson.

2. In LESSON II (Matt. 2: 13-23) our subject was, "The Flight into Egypt." Warned in a dream of the murderous intention of King Herod, Joseph arose in the night, and set out with the imperiled Child and His mother for Egypt, 40 miles to the southward. An indiscriminate slaughter of all the male children of Bethlehem and its vicinity was ordered by the king. The lamentations of the bereaved Bethlehemites were regarded by the Evangelist as the crowning fulfillment of Jeremiah's prophecy of Rachel weeping for her children and refusing to be comforted. After Herod's death the Holy Family returned to the land of Israel. Obeying an angelic command, Joseph turned his steps to Nazareth.

3. "John the Baptist" was the topic of LESSON III (Matt. 3: 1-12). The principal points were: John's fervent ministry, with the text, "Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand;" his identification as the one predicted by Isaiah, who should prepare the way of the Lord; his raiment and food; the multitudes that came to his baptism; his fearless utterances to the Pharisees and Sadducees; his startling figure of the one laid at the foot of the unfruitful tree, and his proclamation of the Coming One, mightier than himself, who would baptize with the Holy Ghost and with fire.

4. The topic of LESSON IV (Matt. 3: 13-17) was the "Baptism of Jesus." The arrival of Jesus at the ford of the Jordan; His desire for baptism; John's protest and submission; the baptism of our Lord; the opening heavens; the Spirit descending like a dove; and the heavenly Voice—include the principal facts of the lesson.

5. In LESSON V (Matt. 4: 1-11) we studied the "Temptation of Jesus." After a forty-days' fast the tempter approached Jesus in the wilderness with his suggestion that He assuage His hunger, and at the same time prove His divine Sonship, by turning stones into bread. "Man shall not live by bread alone," the Lord replied, parrying the attack with the weapon of the Word. To cast Himself down from the pinnacle of the temple and thereby gain the suffrage of the world by an exploit rather than by self-denial and suffering—the second temptation, which the devil made stronger by quoting Scripture—was repelled by the single text, "Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God." The offer of the world's kingdoms and glory, the throne of universal dominion, on condition of a single act of idol-worship—the third temptation—ended with an indignant, "Get thee behind me, Satan!"

6. "Jesus in Galilee" was the subject of LESSON VI (Matt. 4: 17-25). The preaching of repentance by Jesus after the voice of the Baptist was attested; His call of Simon and Andrew, James and John, from their nets, with the promise that He would make them "fishers of men"; and His Galilean ministry with its miracles of healing—constitute an outline of the lesson.

7. "The Beatitudes" occupied our attention in LESSON VII (Matt. 5: 1-10). The truly "blessed" are the poor in spirit, the mourning, the meek, the spiritually-famished, the merciful, the pure in heart, the peace-makers, the persecuted. Especially were the persecuted for Christ's sake pronounced "blessed." The disciples were called the "salt of the earth," and "the light of the world."

8. In LESSON VIII (Matt. 5: 17-26) our topic was, "Jesus and the Law." Not to destroy the Law, but to fulfill it, Jesus came. To break, or to teach to break, one of the least of the commandments would entitle one to be called "least in the kingdom of heaven." None could enter that kingdom whose righteousness did not "exceed" that of the scribes and Pharisees. Not murder merely, but the anger that leads to murder, is condemned. Breaches of brotherly love must be healed at once. The gift must not be offered on the altar until "love and charity" is established.

9. LESSON IX (Matt. 6: 1-15) taught us "Pety without Display." We are to shun notoriety in almsgiving—not "sound a trumpet" as the hypocrites do, whose sole object is to be "seen of men." The "left hand" must not know what the "right hand doeth." He that "seeth in secret" will know and reward. Ostentation in prayer is to be avoided; the shut "closet" is to be preferred. Senseless "repetitions" and "much speaking" will avail naught with Him who knows what we need before we ask. The lesson closed with the Lord's Prayer.

10. "Trust in our Heavenly Father" was the topic of LESSON X (Matt. 6: 24-34). Two masters—God and Mammon, for example—cannot be served at the same time. Undue anxiety about what we shall eat, or drink, or wear, is forbidden. The birds who neither sow nor reap are fed; the lilies which toil not are clothed with a glory surpassing that of Solomon; are not the disciples better than these? It is heathenish to distrust the Father's care. First "seek the kingdom of God and His righteousness," and all requisite needs will be "added." Trouble must not be borrowed for the morrow. Sufficient for each day are its own evils.

11. In LESSON XI (Matt. 7: 1-12) "Golden Precepts" occupied us. Judging others is to be avoided, lest we in turn be judged. To offer to clear our brother's vision of the tiny "mote," while we ignore the "beam" that obscures our own perceptions, is a piece of hypocrisy. We must not lavish our precious things upon the unworthy; holy meats must not be offered to dogs, nor pearls of truth to swine. For wisdom we must "ask," "seek," "knock." No earthly parent will mock his son by giving him a "stone" when he asks for "bread;" much more will the Heavenly Father give good gifts to them that ask Him. The Law and the Prophets may be summed up in the Golden Rule.

12. "Solemn Warnings" occupied our attention in LESSON XII (Matt. 7: 13-29). False prophets were warned against; they would be detected by their "fruits." Not to say, "Lord, Lord," will secure an entrance into the heavenly kingdom, but to do the Father's will. We may preach, cast out devils, work miracles, and yet, for lack of vital piety, be "workers of iniquity." The hearer and doer of Christ's saying is like the rock-founded house; the hearer and non-doer resembles one who builds on sand and goes to ruin in the first tempest.

III. Questions.

1. Who were the "wise men"?
2. Why did they go to Jerusalem?
3. Why was Herod troubled, and what did he do?
4. What did the worship and gifts of the Magi imply?
5. What warnings were given by "the angel of the Lord" to Joseph, in LESSON II?
6. Why was Egypt a desirable place of refuge?
7. What cruel order was given by Herod, and why?
8. To what place did the Holy Family go from Egypt?
9. What was the doctrine of John the Baptist? his dress and habits? his success?
10. What was the significance of his baptism?
11. Why did Jesus desire to be baptized by John?
12. Describe the circumstances and significance of the event.
13. Why was Jesus tempted?
14. How could He be tempted?
15. What were the force and method of the first temptation, and how was it defeated?
16. Describe the second temptation. How was it repelled?
17. Explain the manner and meaning and result of the third temptation.
18. Describe the call of the four disciples at the Sea of Galilee.
19. What was said about our Lord's Galilean ministry?
20. Who are truly "blessed," according to LESSON VII?
21. Why were the disciples called "the salt of the earth"?
22. Why were they called "the light of the world"?
23. How did our Lord announce His relation to the Law?
24. How did He bring out the spirituality of the Law?
25. How was prompt reconciliation with an offended brother enforced?
26. What selfish motive in the duties of almsgiving and prayer did our Lord rebuke?
27. What directions did He give for the proper performance of these duties?
28. What "vain repetitions" did He forbid, and why?
29. Why was the Lord's Prayer given?
30. Why is it impossible to serve both God and Mammon?
31. What lesson did our Lord derive from the "fowls of the air" and the "lilies of the field"?
32. Why should we refrain from worldly anxiety?
33. What should we "seek first," and why?
34. What was said about "the mote" and "the beam"?
35. Explain the Golden Rule.
36. What figure was used to describe the folly and the ruin of the man who hears but does not obey the sayings of Christ?

RELIGIOUS SUMMARY.

GENERAL METHODIST.

— Bishop Andrews was on the Baltimore and Ohio express train, which was derailed at Washington, D. C., a few weeks ago.

— Rev. Dr. Studley, of Detroit, on a recent Sunday evening, preached an eight-minute sermon from the text: "And there is nothing hid from the heat thereof."

— Rev. Dr. Pope, who, since he retired from the Wesleyan Theological Professorship at Didsbury College, has gradually become weaker, is now seriously ill.

— Sumnerfield Baldwin, Prohibition candidate for governor of Maryland, is a Methodist.

— Rev. G. D. Watson, D. D., has had a relapse of an old malady—congestion of the stomach—and has returned to his home in Florida for absolute rest.

— The Richmond Advocate says: "Every third man in America is under Methodist influence."

— Bishop Nimble will hold the Michigan Conference, which Bishop Harris was to hold. Great preparations had been made to welcome Bishop Harris, as this is the fiftieth year of his ministry.

— A Kansas City Methodist, who not long ago gave \$5,000 for the erection of a church in Shanghai, has more recently given \$5,000 for a missionary residence in that city.

— The Wesleyan churches in the eastern part of the West Indies have 60 ministers (26 of whom are natives), 22,787 church members,

1,036 on trial, 765 junior members, 147,000 Sunday scholars, and 138,000 day scholars.

— Rev. D. C. Challis of Detroit Conference, and long a missionary to Bulgaria, attended the International Missionary Union at Thousand Islands Park. Mr. Challis announces his want of a devoted assistant who will go to Bulgaria and take charge of the school at Sifot.

— Rev. A. T. Hoyt, formerly of Detroit Conference, and recently of Central Tennessee College, Nashville, has been elected president of Albuquerque College, New Mexico.

— Wesleyanism has sustained a severe loss in the death of Rev. Robert Cooke, who passed away on the 10th ult., at New Castle-on-Tyne in the 76th year of his age. Mr. Cooke began his ministerial career in 1834, and though he retired from the more active duties of the ministry in 1880, he remained a worker to the last.

— The Canadian Methodist Church covers all of the Dominion of Canada, Newfoundland, and the Bermuda Islands, with a prospective mission in Japan. It has 1,610 ministers and ministerial probationers; members, 197,470; value of church property, \$9,895,045; college property, \$453,435; Sunday-schools, 2,670; Sunday-school scholars, 228,291; scholars who have taken total abstinence pledges, 37,280.

— The National Association of Local Preachers of the Methodist Episcopal Church will hold its thirtieth annual session in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, September 17 to 20, in the Ridge Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, convening Saturday, September 17, at ten o'clock A. M.

— Fifty-six persons were received into full membership in the Middletown Methodist Episcopal Church, Sunday, August 21; as many more, whose time of probation has not yet expired, will be received in the near future.

— Returns of village Methodism, from London to Lincoln, England, show that, in round numbers, there are 9,500 villages. In 3,000 of these the Wesleyans are more or less efficiently at work. In 849 other villages have societies. In 97 there are three or more Methodist congregations. Of the 4,550 villages in which the Wesleyans are at work, nothing, there are 1,244 occupied by other Methodists, and 2,222 having no non-conformist service of any kind.

MISCELLANEOUS.

— The Woman's Baptist Home Mission Society is building in Salt Lake City, Utah, a new and better school building in place of one burned by an incendiary.

— Congregationalism is growing in Pennsylvania. It has now ninety-five churches in that State, and has a net gain of thirty per cent. in church membership since 1880.

— The trustees of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church report that they hold in trust for various uses the sum of \$460,521.02.

— Four years ago the Unitarians reported a membership of 20,000, and the number is said to be the same this year. The Unitarians had a membership of 35,000 four years ago, but now they have only 35,000. In the same period all orthodox churches have made large gains.

— Bishop Huntington, of central New York, says he has received into the ministry of the church during his episcopate four Methodists, one Presbyterian, one Congregationalist, three Baptists, five Universalists and Unitarians, and two Roman Catholics.

— Baltimore has 300 churches, chapels, and synagogues. As to communicants, the Roman Catholic Church stands first, the Methodist second, the Lutheran third, the Baptist fourth, the Presbyterian fifth, and the Jewish sixth. The population is at about 410,000. Of this, 120,000 is Roman Catholic, 210,000 Protestant, and 80,000 unevangelized.

— Bishop Tuttle, writing from Salt Lake City to the *Spirit of Missions*, twenty years after his first arrival there, says: "I have lived to see the impious paganism of the Mormonism here, and although deep-seated, obstinate rebellion remains." During his one month's visit he had confirmed fifty of those Sunday newspapers "out of Mormonism."

— It is estimated that there are over 700,000 Poles in the United States. They are almost universally Romanists, are very clanish, and can be reached only by a native ministry. Mission work in their behalf is but just now receiving the attention of Christian societies.

— The remains of Rev. Thomas Starr King have been moved from the Unitarian churchyard to a vault in the Masonic Cemetery, San Francisco, inclosed in a sarcophagus made of two huge stones weighing more than four tons.

— Mr. Moody's idea of the demoralizing influence of the Sunday newspapers was expressed with unique emphasis a few days since when he declared in New York, after wide observation in the matter, "You can't get a sermon into a man with a Sunday newspaper. He has got to read something other than those Sunday newspapers."—*Presbyterian*.

— There are about 130,000 Mormons in Utah. Of these quite 80,000 are under the age of eighteen years. This leaves 50,000 above that age. Of these at least one-third are in polygamy, and these one-third are the brains of the whole.

— Rev. George Pearce, a venerable English Baptist missionary to India, died in June. He was the oldest resident of the place and had far outlived all his contemporaries in the mission field. Mr. Pearce landed in Calcutta in 1826. For nearly fifty years he has labored in Bengal as an agent of the Baptist Missionary Society. He was intimately associated with the first Baptist missionaries to India, Carey and Marshman.—*Springfield Republican*.

— Rev. Wm. English and wife, of Essex, Vt., have received appointments under the A. B. C. F. M. to labor in Turkey, and expect to sail for that country the last of September.

— The will of the late Cornelius B. Erwin, of New Britain, Conn., gives nearly a million dollars to benevolent institutions and public purposes. The will has been contested, but the suit is now withdrawn. Among the institutions which will benefit by the will are: the South Congregational Church of New Britain, which receives property to the value of about \$125,000; the American Home Missionary Society, American Baptist Home Missionary Society, and the Connecticut Industrial School for Girls, \$100,000 each; Missionary Society of Connecticut, \$2,000; Marietta College, Ohio, \$15,000 for founding ten free scholarships; and \$15,000 for the general uses of the College; Olivet College, Mich., \$25,000; Drury College, \$2,000; Doane College, Nebraska, \$5,000. The residue will be divided between many religious societies and collegiate institutions, the largest amounts going to the American Home Missionary Society, the American Baptist Society, and the Hampton Institute.—*Christian Union*.

FOREIGN.

— Dr. Greene, of Constantinople, reports that there are in that city four Mormon missionaries from America.

— Australian Presbyterians are raising \$250,000 for church extension and education.

— The Salvation Army now has in Great Britain 5,037 officers, 2,088 corps, and 500,000 converts.

— There are hundreds of cities in China that have not yet been visited by a Christian missionary.

— A force of 2,000 colporteurs distribute sermons among the non-church-going people in Berlin, Germany. More than one hundred thousand sermons are thus distributed each week.

— London has a great problem. It has 2,600,000 people unable to get into a place of worship. In Central London, with 2,000,000, there are only accommodations for 600,000.

— Edinburgh is probably the most Presbyterian city in the world. Out of its one hundred and eighty-one churches one hundred and twenty-four are Presbyterian.

— Professor Alexander Meystowitz, A. M., a very learned Hebraist, is dead. He was a student of his own college and university in the United States and Europe.

— The Zennah Missionary Society of the Church of England has gratified its friends by announcing an income of \$115,000, which enables it to support forty-one stations, served by 492 missionaries, assistants, native Bible women, and teachers.

— There are now twenty-seven vessels engaged in missionary work in different parts of the world under the auspices of sixteen societies; of these missionary vessels sixteen are running on the coasts or rivers of Africa, and six among the islands of the Pacific Ocean.

— The Gospel according to St. Mark, in raised Chinese characters, has been published for the use of the blind in China. This is the two hundred and eighth language in which portions of the Bible have been printed for blind Scripture readers.

— The Japanese *Gazette* says: "We regret to say that Buddhism, in our opinion, cannot hold its ground, and that Christianity must finally prevail throughout all Japan. Japanese Buddhism and Western sciences cannot stand together. They are in consistent the one with the other."

— General Booth, the leader of the Salvation Army, is planning an invasion of Zululand and South America, and, preparatory to the organization of his forces for this foreign campaign, he has issued a call for 5,000 officers to be trained as missionaries.

— The great membership of Mr. Spurgeon's church is often quoted, but it is not so generally known that at the beginning of the present year the Metropolitan Tabernacle had a band of 130 local preachers, and 7,577 scholars in its Sunday-schools, manned by 544 teachers.

— In Japan there are 324 missionaries, including men and women, of whom 249, or 76 per cent., come from the United States. In China there are in all, men and women, 892 missionaries, of whom 345, or nearly 40 per cent., come from the United States.

— There are seven mission ships cruising in the North Sea, ministering not only to the spiritual wants, but to the bodily necessities of the fishermen. Medical assistance is often sought on board the mission vessels, and, as one of the speakers at the meeting said, "It is understood throughout the fleet that, whatever a man's motive in going on board a mission ship, no man is allowed to leave without hearing of Christ."

— A Seminary for the Education of Missionaries among the Jews has been established at Leipzig, the second of the kind in the world, the other being in London. The new venture is under the personal direction of the venerable Professor Delitzsch, who himself teaches the leading branches, notwithstanding his seventy-five years. He has three assistants.

— Dr. Jessup, of Beirut, writes that "the Sultan of Turkey has set the seal of imperial approbation upon thirty-two editions of Arabic Scriptures, allowing them to be sold, distributed, and read without leave or hindrance." Two hundred and ninety of the books issued by the Beirut press have passed under examination in Damascus by the government officials, and have received authorization.

— July 15, 1888, there will be celebrated in Russia the nine hundred anniversary of the introduction of Christianity into the empire. A great monumental cathedral is in process of erection at Kiev, in which city Kievan, the capital of the old Russian empire, will bear the name of St. Prince Vladimir, Isopostolos, who renounced paganism and baptized his people.

— The jubilee of Rev. Horatio Bonar, D. D., is approaching. He was ordained at Kelso, in November, 1837. All acquainted with modern church history know how valuable a man he has been in preaching and writing. It is, therefore, fitting that some memorial should mark his jubilee. We are glad to learn that a large committee has been appointed to make arrangements for a suitable testimonial.—*Methodist Times*.

— The Archbishops of Canterbury and York and the Bishop of London have sent out a letter to the colonial bishops on the mischief done to the native races by the introduction of intoxicating liquors. They dwell on the testimony of travelers that the natives' "moral character gains more by the teaching of Mahometanism than by the preaching of the Gospel for the former leads to making them sober." They add that their brethren "may have the means of influencing their legislation in their steps to remove the temptations which make it difficult for weak men to live sober lives." These prelates should look at home. The Episcopal Bench has twenty-four members in the House of Lords. Had ten of them been present on Friday night they would have saved the Scotch Early Closing Bill from being wrecked by Lord Venyus, who carried an amendment by nineteen votes against ten, preventing local authorities having the option of closing public-houses at any time between ten and eleven in towns with over 50,000 inhabitants. Lord Camperdown has, in consequence, abandoned the Bill.—*Christian World*.

— Pilo's Remedy for Catarrh is accessible to use. It is not a liquid or a snuff. 50c.

Many a good wife has said: "How I wish I could get rid of my Catarrh. You can save money which is as good as earned. Buy Beach's World Soap, and you will save money."

A GOOD APPETITE is essential to good health; but at this season it is often lost, owing to the poverty of the food, and the derangement of the digestive organs, and the weakening effect of the changing season. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a wonderful medicine for creating an appetite, toning the system, and driving strength to the whole system. Now is the time to take it. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Rheumatism and the Gout cease their twinges if clean affected parts are daily washed with Gilm's Sulphur Soap, which banishes pain and renders the joints and muscles supple and elastic. It is at the same time a very effective clarifier and beautifier of the skin.

E. M. CASWELL, GRAND UNION HOTEL, N. Y. says: ADAMSON'S COUGH BALM has cured coughs and colds for me repeatedly. I have used it in my family 15 years and at every trial we have found it successful. I cannot recommend it too highly. This bottle 10 cents; large 25 cents.

A HAPPY DISPOSITION cannot be enjoyed if you are suffering from indigestion or kindred troubles. Use Hood's Sarsaparilla, and be happy. Take Hood's SICK HEADACHE. They come from indigestion, and Hood's Sarsaparilla is a sure cure and preventive for all troubles arising from the stomach.

COMPARISON SOLICITED.—A wise discrimination should be exercised by all who take medicine. The proprietors of Hood's Sarsaparilla solicit a careful comparison of this medicine with other blood-purifiers and medicines, being confident that the peculiar merits of Hood's Sarsaparilla are so apparent that the people will unhesitatingly prefer it to any other preparation. Hood's Sarsaparilla is not a salve, but a powerful blood-purifier, and it is a peculiar concentrated extract of the best vegetable kingdom. The enormous sale of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and the wonderful cures effected, prove even more than has been claimed for this medicine. If you are sick the best medicine is none too good. Therefore, take Hood's Sarsaparilla.

— London has a great problem. It has 2,600,000 people unable to get into a place of worship. In Central London, with 2,000,000, there are only accommodations for 600,000.

The Green Apple Terror.

The green apple in some form will torment us as long as boys are boys. There is but one thing to do, and that is to keep a bottle of SANFORD'S GINGER in the house, and then provide a sure preventive and never-failing cure for this insidious and dangerous disease. This unrivaled household panacea and travelling companion is sure to check any disturbance of the bowels, instantly relieve cramps and pains, prevent indigestion, destroy disease germs in water drunk, restore the circulation when suspended by a chill, a frequent cause of cholera morbi, break up colds and fevers, and ward off malarial, contagious, and epidemic influences.

As a healthful summer drink with water, milk, iced water, lemonade, effervescent draughts, and mineral waters it is superior to all others. Avoid cheap and dangerous imitations.

SANFORD'S GINGER, Is Sold by all Druggists and Grocers.

Rubfoam

A delightfully fragrant and healthful liquid. Contains no grit, no acid, no anything injurious. Keeps the teeth white, the gums healthy, removes tartar, and prevents decay.

TOOTH POWDER. TEEH

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Zion's Herald.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 14, 1887.

NOT A DEFINITE EXTENSION.

It is very natural, as the approach of the great quadrennial legislative body of the church begins to be heralded by the election of delegates from the Fall Conferences, that the questions relating to proposed changes in our polity should awaken afresh the voices of our ministers in their public conventions and their pens in our denominational papers. Among the more prominent of these is that of the pastoral term. It did not die away with the close, without results, of the last General Conference, but has demanded a hearing from time to time in our periodicals. It has been made quite evident that the necessity for some change is widely felt, and the chief question of interest now is, How shall this be done without entailing any serious injury upon our fundamental and vital itinerant system?

No thoughtful man can fail to see the value and importance of this wonderful plan for the exchange of pastorships to our church, both in its aggressive and conservative work. Our neighbors of the permanent pastorate (figuratively so called), while they shrink from our rapid itinerancy, grievously lament the lack of some established system by which pulpits can be defended from extended vacancies, and ministers from long periods of cessation from work, and from the very painful necessity of personally canvassing for a call. Our system is perfect in this respect. The only real improvement is, not so much a general extension of the term as a well-guarded arrangement for permitting a closer harmony with the providence of God; a legal elasticity of administration, which will enable the proper authorities, in an unquestioned condition calling for such extension, to permit the pastoral relation to continue, and to be limited by the same manifest providential intimations.

We have introduced this subject at this time, in view of certain reports of public utterances by some of our quite conservative, as well as conspicuous, ministers. They have been reported as saying openly that they were ready to urge the lengthening of the term to five or six years. We may be greatly mistaken, but it seems to us such a course would be a serious injury both to the churches and the ministry, and would, after all, fail of securing the chief object to be had in view in amending the term of the pastorate. The great end to be gained is to take the service out of the almanac, and place it in the hands of a Divine Providence. There is no danger, if this matter is properly guarded, of its becoming a personal providence. There are too many interests involved. From one to two hundred ministers in each Conference, from two to five of the most judicious elders, a bishop with no personal end to gain, and the voice of the churches, all combine to restrain the unsanctified selfishness, if it should appear, of any conceited minister.

But if the term be once extended by a longer positive limit, then a very irritating and afflictive condition of things will be inaugurated. Every man measures his reputation by his uninterrupted term of service. He feels it to be a serious reflection upon his ability if it is cut short. It will determine, he thinks, his future appointments. Many a church will be persuaded, to its injury, to retain a pastor beyond the period of his usefulness, for its own reputation and to preserve his. It is a very significant

fact that, in the churches with permanent pastorate, the average continuation of them is only about three years. There are portions of our work where it would be ruinous to have the established term understood to be five years; and yet in these very portions of the work, a position will be occasionally found where a special talent is required and cannot be readily duplicated, and where every significant indication of Providence would sanction the retention for a longer than the usual period of the services of this peculiar and rare gift.

It seems to us that this extended period would really shorten the term of many of our hard-working and self-sacrificing itinerants. The extension of the period to three years instead of two had this effect. For two or three years a church would labor forbearing with a faithful man of ordinary abilities; but when the term comes to be extended to five years, they will be disposed to reason that a change would not affect or afflict him more at the end of one year than at any of the intervening years before the term expires. The great body of our ministers, now that better provision is made as to parsonages, are quite ready for a change at the end of three years, and our people have been so educated to the rule, that in ordinary instances it occasions little friction. It breaks up monotony; it bestows upon the church for her edification all the gifts; it permits the minister to work everywhere, and at all times, at his best; it naturally awakens fresh religious interest in the churches, and touches by new modes of thought and illustration the consciences and hearts of unconvinced hearers. Almost always, in an earnest ministry, a change is followed by a quickening of religious life in the church and in the community.

But the point at which we suffer as a church is in cities and large towns (sometimes, indeed, in country charges), where other denominations gather their special gifts in the ministry, and where the mobile and somewhat unsettled character of the audience renders it very difficult to secure a more permanent congregation. Sometimes the city work requires not simply an able, but a somewhat sensational, talent in the pastor. Now in these instances, when a minister happens, in the providence of God, to be just adapted to the work, as in several marked cases in Boston in previous years; when he calls and holds, and, instrumentally, saves the people; and when his house of worship is constantly filled, it seems flying in the face of a good judgment and the expressed will of God, to take such a man up and send a succession of other men, good men indeed, but with none of the peculiar adaptations to such a place and to such a work.

The great fear is, that certain men would be too strong for the cabinet; that they would plant their roots so deeply in the soil, that they could not be removed. We forget that only very rare men can hold their pulpits for any number of years. The most conspicuous of our ministers have their choicest lines of sermons, and keep up the interest of their services, only for a limited period. They will be as constantly exposed, as their brethren of the other churches, to calls from other charges, emphasized with a more generous salary. We cannot believe any serious difficulty will arise if the law of the church made the term one year, or three as at present, and gave the cabinet, upon a two-thirds vote of the Conference, power to extend from year to year (as was really done in the instance of Mr. Hamilton, without any law for it, at People's Church), as long as it (the cabinet) should deem it for the best to receive the petition for an extension of time, and put the question to the peers of the pastor, having a common interest in the judicious decision of the matter.

TO BE, OR TO DO—WHICH?

No doubt both are desirable. It is evident, also, that both are sometimes necessary. In some sense it may be said of both, "What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." It takes well-developed and hardened muscles to wield the hammer, steady plough, handle the axe, and, in fact, do a thousand other things which condition the mechanical achievements of the age. It requires, also, just as much the trained mental powers to solve difficult problems, manipulate subtle forces, and combine and direct crude elements, without which no great works are possible, but with which all things are possible. It is natural for a good tree to bring forth good fruit, and no tree at all ways means no fruit. To be, or to do? Certainly neither to the entire exclusion or the careless neglect of the other. There can be no room for the question whether we can get along successfully with one or the other of them, but simply this: Upon which ought our first and most earnest attention to be fixed, to realize the most of both?

To do, of course. Who could be so stupid as to think otherwise? Is not this

world made up of achievements? What is grander than to be successful, and what is a better proof of real success than those results which every one is ready to applaud? Talleyrand's oft-repeated dictum, "Nothing succeeds so well as success," has a pleasing sound, and represents a sentiment which easily passes current in the market in which men are selling themselves to the highest bidder. Outward show, elegance and wealth crystallized in bricks and mortar, great deeds published to the ends of the earth, and a name raised mountain-high in monuments and public congratulations, are the goal to which the popular sentiments of the things to be realized whatever things are lost. These are, no doubt, worthy proofs of real success. Many think them the only proofs. The eyes of young and old are dazzled by their glory. Compared with them, nothing is worth a thought. So we are taught, and so undoubtedly the masses of men believe.

To be, of course. There are voices which return this as their answer to the question proposed. They may seem like feeble echoes in the midst of the bustle and din out of which quite a different answer comes. They are voices, however, and their tones have the qualities of earnestness and conviction which at once arrest attention and excite inquiries. When the seventy, sent forth by the Lord to preach the Gospel and work miracles of power on men and devils, returned in great exaltation over the fact that they had accomplished the very wonders which Christ had promised to them, the unexpected response was this: "Howbeit in this rejoice not, that the spirits are subject unto you; but rejoice that your names are written in heaven." It was evidently only the subordination of the doing to the being. Perhaps this was the meaning of Thomson, when he said, "Real glory springs from the silent conquest of ourselves." One thing is quite certain, that there are very many who in theory at least believe that the question which has to do with what one is, is the question which first and last and every hour ought to be uppermost in their thoughts.

The fundamental law everywhere but in the deceived imaginations of men certainly insists upon the being as a condition of the doing. The effort of nature in the spring-time, the labor of the farmer as he honors nature's bounty in the care and wisdom with which he prepares both ground and seed, the conditions which always precede a golden harvest, only illustrate the law that quality must always determine quantity. "Make the tree good, and its fruit good." It is absolutely certain that the fruit will not be good unless the tree is good. Poisoned fountains send forth poisoned jets. Impure sources taint the waters of the largest rivers. It is absurd to look for sweetness in the flow when there is only bitterness in the rise of the stream. To purify the brook that beauty and verdure may adorn its banks, will make it necessary to examine and purify the water-head. The elements which the plant takes up into itself from the soil will affect every fibre and leaf and blossom for better or worse according to the quality of these elements. If the foundation is defective, it matters little how much time and money and art may be lavished on the structure. Why is it not true, how can it be otherwise than true, that the qualities which compose a single character must receive the first and most serious attention, inasmuch as both the character and value of the deeds must depend upon those qualities?

Just here is an opportunity for a little sober and impartial calculation. This is the problem: Which is of the greatest intrinsic worth, a genuinely good and noble character, or conspicuous deeds without character, or with an indifferent character? It may take a great deal of probing of the moral consciousness to secure an honest answer to this question, but the moral intuitions will undoubtedly give an answer to it if they are sufficiently urged. Old Enoch represents the Old Testament view. The sacred historian could record no deeds whatever that reflected any glory upon the name of Enoch, as an explanation of the great honor which God had put upon him in translating him. It was, however, an adequate explanation to him that Enoch had walked with God for many years. This explanation has passed into the accepted axioms of the Old Testament Scriptures. Christ stands for the New Testament. In merely intellectual or physical achievements Christ cannot claim special eminence. It is not His miracles, it is not His establishment of the Christian Church, both of which are sufficiently glorious, that excite the love and admiration of mankind to-day; it is the wonderful moral and spiritual beauty of His character. In that inner sanctuary of the soul in which truth lives alone there is no two-fold opinion. A true life rises higher than the highest monument, and reflects more real brightness than the most brilliant achievements.

A pure and good life has the promise of a blessed immortality. In fact, it is the only life which has any such promise. It is possible to enlarge the statement, and affirm that nothing else will attain to such an immortality. Of deeds and achievements it may be as truthfully said as of anything else. Even if they were immortal, there could be little satisfaction to be derived from such a fact in an eternal state of being. The story of the greatest triumph would become a little state as a subject of eternal contemplation. Even Napoleon might pray to be delivered from the necessity of listening to an unceasing rehearsal of his brilliant wars. If the eternity in which a soul finds blessedness and peace has a different standard by which to estimate the value of men's works, it is easy to conceive that Napoleon might not wish to hear the story of his life repeated even once. At any rate, it is easy to see that the source of satisfaction and joy which must take

precedence of every other will be the character. The inspiration coming from it will always be fresh and new. As in itself an eternal achievement, an enduring monument of patience and godliness, a miracle of redeeming grace and love, the saved and glorified soul will always be the wonder of angels and men. Being measured by eternal ages must seem infinitely more important in the eyes of intelligence than doing measured by a segment only of time.

All this is deserving of special emphasis in relation to Christian character and works. Let it be granted that Christ expects all His disciples to be the most active possible in building up His kingdom. Let it be admitted, also, that Christian usefulness will add beauty and worth to every Christian life. Let it be affirmed that great and heroic Christian deeds have an eternal value. What then? Do we need less service and fewer deeds? This certainly would not follow. We must have all the deeds, grander and more glorious deeds, if possible, more devoted service, more sanctified ambition, but we must give more careful attention to the life and character out of which they must grow. "Being" properly constituted will naturally produce all these, and that, too, in their highest glory and strength. It is necessary first to see that the life of the soul is what it ought to be. If it is consecrated unreservedly to the will of God, and possesses in vital power the mind of the blessed Redeemer, the preparation for the most worthy of Christian deeds will have been made. Nothing will remain then but to do. It will come easy and natural to work for the Master, and that work will never be defaced by the crude inconsistencies of an imperfect and half-hearted Christian life. A redeemed church, composed of disciples in whom Christ reigns supreme, and whose hearts have been anointed with the Holy Spirit, will necessarily accomplish great deeds to the glory of Christ.

What is needed, then, in order that the kingdom of Christ may reach its grandest conquests in the least possible time, is not less splendid giving, not less noble and beautiful church edifices, not fewer colleges and seminaries, not less missionary enterprise, not less learning and refinement in ministers or laymen, not less zeal to increase the membership of individual churches and extend the roll of new converts, but with all these, multiplied a hundred-fold if possible, there is solemn need that the life shall receive the earliest and most constant attention. It is first being, then doing. It is first a lowly, devoted, consecrated and holy life, and then noble deeds for God. It is first the "upper chamber" at Jerusalem, and then Pentecost with the three thousand souls. The noblest of all deeds is the presentation of one's self as a "living sacrifice to God holy and acceptable." To be what Christ requires, to be all that God has made it possible for every soul to be, is an achievement which fills heaven with joy, and will be a wonder of beauty and glory to all eternity.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

We offer our annual appeal to the friends of Zion's Herald, to make a general and earnest rally in its behalf. The publisher has sent out his circulars, offering to our excellent agents, the church pastors, generous terms for the labor he seeks to secure at their hands. He also grants to the new subscribers obtained, the paper until the end of the present year, in addition to the full year of 1888, for one year's subscription. The more promptly the work is attended to, the larger the premium which the new patrons will secure.

There never was a period in the fifteen years' service of the present editor when so many, or so warm, letters of commendation were received from all portions of our great field and from many of the leading ministers and laymen of the church outside of, as well as within, the limits of New England. We would publish a collection of these were they not so personal. The assurance is repeated, over and over again, that the paper was never better appreciated by its readers, and never more effectively fulfilling the special work it was established to accomplish. As the Wesleyan Association proposes ever larger improvements in the future, we can with much confidence urge the claims of our only New England Methodist organ upon our pastors. Any marked enlargement of our list, which might readily be secured by each church adding at least five new names, would permit of both increased outlays upon its columns, which its publishers are anxious to bestow, and also afford a larger sum for appropriation to the Conference for their funds for superannuated preachers. The Association has voted to distribute hereafter one-half of the net income of the paper, after meeting its expenses, among the New England Conferences in proportion to their patronage. By a little prompt and earnest effort, an increase of five thousand subscribers could be secured. It would prove a blessing every way. The paper is a hearty supporter of the ministry, a constant and warm advocate of our charities and of our schools of learning, a weekly inspiration in all evangelical labors, a picture of the religious movements and progress of the hour, a defender of the truth as we receive it, an open forum for the candid discussion of all questions of moral interest, and a staunch supporter of the great reforms of the day against prevalent evils and public sins. The HERALD in the family nurtures a loyal denominational integrity, while it keeps itself in Christian relations with all the sister churches. It constantly brings our men and our modes, our institutions and our history, our past accomplishments and our future aims, before the eyes of our children, and aids very efficiently in educating a generation who will both hand down faithfully to their successors the noble Christian patrimony bestowed upon us by the fathers, and greatly enlarge its boundaries of usefulness. It will be a pleasure for us to publish the names of the churches sending us five or more new subscribers during the present canvass.

A short time since, we called attention to a new, illustrated History of Methodism, in preparation by Professor A. B. Hyde, D. D., late of Allegheny College, Pa., now professor of Greek in the University of Denver. The volume is just out of the press. It makes a handsome octavo, in bold type, on fine paper, profusely illustrated, of 469 pages. The first portion of the volume is devoted to the Wesleyan Reformation and the organization of the Church in Great Britain. The second part tells the story of the origin and progress of the Church on this continent, its missions, its great divisions, its institutions, charities and chief officers. The volume is written in a very attractive style, full of incidents and portraits of the early leaders in England and in the United States. Its special feature is its interesting record of modern years and movements down to the present time. No one of the numerous, compendious, one-volume histories of the church offers greater attractions in its style, its well-told incidents, and its striking illustrations for the family library, than this beautiful work. However many we have read (and after the magnificent and elaborate work of Dr. Stevens, one might suppose the interest of the theme exhausted), this new claimant beguiles us into the perusal of its entertaining and inspiring pages. It is a wonderful story, almost as providential and instructive as the Hebrew records. Its re-perusal, in this pleasant form, is a rich means of grace. The work is sold by subscription, and has been finely published, by a variety of forms, by the Wiley Publishing Company, Greenfield, Mass. Its title is, "The Story of Methodism; Tracing the Rise and Progress of that Wonderful Religious Movement, and Giving an Account of its Various Influences and Institutions of To-day."

Personal and Miscellaneous.

Peter Henderson & Co., New York, send out a very handsome autumn catalogue of bulbs and plants. The season is just at hand for planting bulbs for an early spring blossoming. Send for their list.

The death of Rev. Dr. John Alabaster, of Trinity Church, Chicago, one of the ablest of our preachers at the West, who has been in failing health, was announced last Wednesday. He died in Canandaigua, N. Y.

The Commonwealth, so long and so ably edited by the late Chas. W. Slack, esq., celebrates its twenty-fifth anniversary with a double sheet. The ability and interest of the paper have been well sustained since the loss of its former editor and proprietor.

Lasell Seminary begins her thirty-seventh year, Sept. 15. Notwithstanding the "annex" of the Bird School building, many applicants have been turned away for lack of room. Mr. Bragdon has brought much from his year abroad to the art and other departments of the school, and resumes personal supervision. Miss Carpenter takes her former place as preceptor, and Miss Chamberlayne, who was in charge during their absence, will also be there.

At the meeting of the Book Committee in Cincinnati last week, Dr. Crooks and Dr. Geo. Prentice were the leading candidates for the editorship of the Methodist Review, made vacant by the death of Dr. Curry, both at the first ballot receiving the same number of votes. Dr. Crooks was finally elected; but in view of his possibly declining position, which afterwards proved to be the case, Dr. D. Wise was chosen to fill the chair until the next General Conference. Dr. Wise supervised the issue of the last number of the Review.

The first meeting of the New England Methodist Historical Society, after vacation, will be held in the Society's room, 36 Bromfield St., on Monday next, the 19th inst., at 2.30 P. M. Rev. Walter Willis will read a paper containing many historical facts and incidents of his fifty years in the itinerancy. Those who heard a part of this interesting paper at the last session of the New England Conference, will desire to hear the whole of it. The terse, epigrammatic style of our brother cannot fail to interest all hearers.

Col. Homer B. Sprague, as is well-known in this vicinity, is one of the most able, graceful and instructive of our literary lecturers. His brother and the accomplished wife of the latter are a full and varied repertoire. As he is now devoting himself to the lecture platform, those in charge of courses this fall and winter will find no occupant of the lecture desk more attractive, nor one who will give richer satisfaction, than Dr. Sprague. His address is, The Bryant Literary Union, Evening Post Building, New York City.

Volume 4 of that charming periodical for the young people—the Wide Awake—makes an elegant and perennially entertaining holiday book for the little men and women. It is a finely published quarto of over four hundred pages, profusely and beautifully illustrated. Young readers are never weary of these volumes. In our free city libraries they are constantly worn out in honest, but perpetual use. It is issued as a monthly, and in this permanent form, from the press of D. Lothrop & Co., Boston, Mass. Bound in ornamented board covers, \$1.75 a volume.

The accomplished librarian of Columbia College, Mr. M. H. Dewey, makes his fourth annual report, showing the growth and increased facilities of the library and the eagerness with which its treasures are enjoyed by scholars from without, as well as by the professors and undergraduates of the institution. He also makes his first report of the School of Library Economy, for the instruction of ladies and gentlemen looking to library work as a life profession, which has been established under the auspices of Columbia. The first meeting of the twenty-first annual conference of the practical library instruction continued through sixteen weeks. A full course will embrace two of such terms. Great interest was awakened in the subject, and a class of twice the number will be ready to enter the coming year. The rapid increase of libraries all over the country occasions a special necessity for this admirable professional training.

We have noticed for some time indications among our people of a growing interest in that peculiar institution of Methodism, the class-meeting. Special attention was drawn to this subject recently by placing the "Class-meeting" in the series of topics discussed in the forenoon of camp-meeting held at Cottage City; and in another column we publish an interesting and attractive programme of the "Class-leaders' Convention," to be held in the Brooklyn Methodist Church, corner of Cypress and Washington Streets, Wednesday, the 28th of this month. Our young and enterprising society in Brooklyn has stepped to the front in this forward movement, and we are confident that class-leaders' conventions, and, perhaps, "class attendants' conventions," will be among the popular and enthusiastic gatherings of our people for some time to come. The Brooklyn brethren will spare no pains to make the gathering of the 28th inst. one of pleasure and of permanent good. The Methodists of Boston and its wide vicinity will confer a benefit upon the Brooklyn society, and on our cause in New England, by gathering in large numbers on that occasion. Let every one read the programme!

The Woman's National Christian Temperance Union has organized a Lecture Bureau, and will soon publish a list of eminent speakers, both ladies and gentlemen, with the names of readers and singers, who will be ready to give lectures and to conduct temperance entertainments. This list will be of the highest order, and those sent out under the auspices of the bureau can be safely relied upon to give ample satisfaction. Circulars can be obtained and questions answered by addressing Mrs. Caroline B. Buell, 161 La Salle Street, Room 43, Chicago, Ills.

Rev. Louis Albert Banks, late a member of the Puget Sound Conference, who has labored so successfully in the Eglington Square Church, Cincinnati, to become the pastor. The request came with remarkable unanimity, and Bishop Andrews has transferred Mr. Banks to the Cincinnati Conference and stationed him over the Trinity charge. Mr. Banks had lectured in Cincinnati and won many friends, as he has with us. He will be greatly missed by the church here, and by troops of friends in this vicinity. He is a man of marked ability, of intense earnestness, and a very successful pastor. Hearty wishes for his widest success will accompany him to his new charge in Ohio. Mr. J. W. Hill, Jr., a graduate of Berea, who enters the Theological School of Boston University this year, will succeed Mr. Banks in his charge at Eglington Square. He is said to be a young man of much promise.

The third-party Prohibitionists held a largely attended nominating convention in Worcester last Wednesday. There was no lack of earnestness or of enthusiasm in the proceedings. The resolutions passed were sufficiently pronounced; not one plank in a platform simply, but a full list devoted to the one great reform. The two leading parties in the State were denounced in unqualified terms, especially the Republican, probably for the reason that one slanting against the greatest light before the greatest sinner. Evidently a very active campaign is proposed, and a warm expectation is encouraged that the vote for its candidates will be very considerably increased this year. The nominations, which were made unanimous, were, for Governor, Hon. W. H. Earle, of Worcester; for Lieutenant-Governor, Dr. John Blackmer, of Springfield; for secretary of State, Amos E. Hall, of Chelsea; for treasurer, J. H. Kilburn, of Lee; for auditor, Edmund M. Stone, of Hudson; and for attorney general, Allen Coffin, of Nantucket—a list of eminently respectable citizens. The special feature of the occasion was a ringing speech from Rev. W. H. Boole, of New York.

Rev. S. Oliver Garrison, of the Philadelphia Conference, in connection with his brother, Rev. C. F. Garrison, has opened an Educational Home for the Feeble-minded, and also for the Aged and Infirm, at Millville, Cumberland County, N. J. Rev. S. O. Garrison is simply president of the board of trustees; his brother and the accomplished wife of the latter are in immediate charge of the Home. They are every way equipped for their delicate work, and will offer a kind, Christian school and home for these unfortunate children. Within a few weeks a minister called to ask us where a boy of this class could be skillfully trained under intelligent and kindly auspices. We have no hesitation in commending this institution every way to our patrons.

We learned from the daily press, after our last week's paper went to press, of the death, in Bethel, Me., of Mr. Frank E. Blaisdell, son-in-law of Rev. Dr. A. McKewon, of Charlestown. Mr. Blaisdell was married only the 30th of June last—a young man of good education, of excellent character and great promise. He was a member of the congregational church in Bethel. Our tenderest sympathies are called forth in behalf of the sadly bereaved young wife and the afflicted families on both sides. Mr. Blaisdell's funeral services were attended at the home of Dr. McKewon on last Tuesday.

Bishop Fowler gave an earnest call to Rev. N. B. Fisk, of the Cottage St. charge, Cambridgeport, now occupying his position, to enter upon a very promising opening at Escandena, some sixty miles from San Diego. It is at the principal town planned by the International Company of Mexico, and offers large opportunity for our church to accomplish good service and to secure a strong position. Bro. Fisk would not hesitate to enter upon this interesting field if he consulted his own inclination; but such is his relation to his present charge, and the uncompleted payment of his debt, and the gracious spiritual work now manifesting itself—that, at the earnest request of the quarterly conference, he has reluctantly declined the call.

We are grateful to some good anonymous friend in Evanston, Ill., for sending us a copy of the able, instructive, and eloquent discourse of Bishop Foss, delivered at the dedication of Memorial Hall, Garrett Biblical Institute, and stenographically reported. His text was the 3d of Jude; his subject, "The faith once for all delivered to the saints"; his divisions, "the treasure," "the casket," and "the custodian." The theme was singularly appropriate for the occasion, and was treated with characteristic earnestness and impressiveness. We shall find an opportunity to quote from it hereafter on our first page.

We call special attention to the inspiring mission meetings to be held in Boston next Monday, the 19th inst., to commemorate the fortieth anniversary of the opening of the Wesleyan Hall, Rev. M. C. White, M. D., one of the original missionaries, will deliver an address, giving his reminiscences of the opening of the mission in 1847. In the evening, at Bromfield St. Church, a union meeting of the Methodists of Boston and vicinity will be held, at which Dr. White will speak of the early years, and Dr. Baldwin of the later years, of our China Mission—thus giving a complete view of the history and progress of one of our oldest foreign missions. Let there be a general rally of Boston Methodism on this inspiring occasion. Cambridge and Somerville and Newton and Lynn ought to have large delegations of godly men and women present, and a general missionary interest ought to be awakened.

A local Cape paper announced by mistake, with a deserved compliment, the death of Rev. J. B. Husted, of Watertown. We are happy to say he still lives in comfortable health, loved and respected. The person who died was the father-in-law of his son, Mr. R. W. Husted.

Good-Tidings Day.

I desire to call the attention of pastors to the observance of Good-Tidings Day, which falls on Sunday, October 16. The Sunday-school Union and the Tract Society through the two Boards of Managers again unite in recommending to the churches the observance of the day in the interest of those two societies.

While it is desirable that the same day be universally observed, it is well understood that, by reason of Conference sessions, or from some other cause, the day appointed cannot be observed in some places. In that

case a Sunday as near the time as possible may be devoted to the purpose.

We have had prepared a beautiful service for use on that day which will be furnished at the rate of \$1 a hundred. Orders may be sent to Phillips & Hunt, 805 Broadway, New York; Cranston & Stone, Cincinnati, Ohio; or to any of the Book Depositories of the church. Orders should be sent as soon as possible. A specimen copy of the service has been sent to every pastor, together with a circular. If any pastor has failed to receive this, another copy will be sent on application to the undersigned. J. H. VINCENT, Corresponding Secretary.

The Conferences.

NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE.

The Evangelical Alliance took the place of the Boston Methodist Preachers' Meeting on Monday. The meeting was held in the Melancon, Rev. Mr. Gray presiding. The opening prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Bates. Rev. Frank Woods presented a report concerning the establishment of a hospital pastorate in this city. For three months he has visited the hospitals systematically, and presented an elaborate report, closing with recommendations favoring the continuance of the hospital pastorate, and looking to the formation of a church union of the evangelical societies of Boston to carry on this work. Rev. Dr. Els was added to the executive committee. The president and secretary of the Evangelical Alliance of the United States, Hon. Wm. E. Dodge, of New York, and Rev. Josiah Strong, D. D., spoke with great interest on the new plans of evangelistic work proposed by the Alliance for the United States. At the close of the exercises it was announced that a parlor meeting would be held Monday evening at the Parker House, to which each pastor was invited, with two laymen from his church.

Memorial Service.—We go to press too early to allow the giving of any account of the service being held, as we write, in the Bromfield St. Church, commemorative of Bishop Harris, Dr. Curry, and "Camp-meeting" John Allen. A full report will be given next week.

Worcester.—During the past quarter, Rev. H. W. Eklund, pastor of the Swedish Church, has received on probation and by letter 41 new members, and nine in full connection from probation. It has been determined to enlarge the church edifice so as to make room for at least two hundred persons more. Excellent work is being done in this charge, and the results are very encouraging to pastor and people.

Milford.—On the first Sabbath of the month nine were received into full connection and four on probation. During the month of August the attendance at Sunday-school averaged 243; the smallest on any Sunday being 215, the largest 288. The parsonage has been moved, and a new building is being erected on the old site for the use of the pastor. Five persons from this charge were converted at Lake View camp-meeting.

Allston.—A deep religious interest has been prevailing in this church for some weeks past, and appears to be increasing. At almost every service there are souls seeking Christ, and quite a number have professed conversion. The young men's meeting for Bible study is bearing fruit; six young men having recently found the Savior and united with the church. The outlook for a blessed work of grace is very hopeful.

Fiskdale.—Rev. W. J. Pomfret, of Southbridge, conducted a very interesting baptismal service at Fiskdale—Miss Mary Woodward, a young lady of about seventeen years, who is rapidly sinking to the grave. After the baptism, the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered to her and some fifteen relatives and friends.

Wollaston.—During the summer extensive repairs have been made in our church at Wollaston. The entrance has been removed from the front to the side; the vestry, which opens into the main audience-room, has been enlarged about one-third; a new gallery has been put in; and 350 mahogany folding chairs have been provided. The new frescoing is very neat and attractive, and the church is now a model of convenience. The re-opening services were held last Sunday, the pastor, Rev. H. B. Swartz, being assisted by Rev. J. W. Hamilton, D. D., who preached in the morning, Rev. W. N. Brodbeck in the afternoon, and Rev. S. L. Beller, D. D., of Brooklyn, N. Y., in the evening. The entire expense of about \$1,200 has been met cheerfully by the membership and congregation.

SPRINGFIELD DISTRICT.

West Warren.—Rev. B. F. Kingsley, the pastor, who are sorry to learn, has been again laid aside by sickness. Rev. S. H. Noon, of Brookfield, preached for him, last Sunday.

Springfield.—Mrs. Rev. H. Matthews, while driving in the city a few days ago with Rachel Matthews and two lady visitors from Ware, had a very narrow escape from serious injury. The horse they were driving ran away, and the carriage was overturned and broken, but the occupants escaped with only slight bruises.

LYNN DISTRICT.

Lynn.—Rev. Dr. S. L. Gracey, of Salem, preached last Sunday afternoon in the chapel at Asbury Grove, Hamilton, to a congregation of over two hundred.

East Boston Bethel Church.—Last Sabbath eight were received into membership and seven on probation. The gentleman who jumped overboard from the ferry-boat last Tuesday and saved three young men from drowning, is a member of this church. The pastor, Rev. L. B. Bates, said last Sunday evening to a full house that it was the calling of the members of the church to save the perishing all around us.

The Family.

SPEAKING TO THE HEART.

[EDITORIAL.]

It is altogether safer, and in every way more wholesome, for us to search out our sins and bring them to the light, and call them by their right names, and sincerely repent of them, than to try to cover them up in the vain hope that if we ourselves will but let them alone, they will never be discovered.

To those who complain that they do not know what they can do to serve their Lord, it may be fitly said: "When we can do nothing more, we can bear annoying and vexatious events meekly, patiently, and prayerfully. That is doing a great deal; it is more than taking a city."

No men are so deeply conscious of their sinfulness and guilt as they who live very near to God. It was not Saul the Pharisee, but Paul the sanctified Apostle, who described himself as the chief of sinners. "For every one," wrote Gregory the Great, "is revealed to himself when he becomes enlightened by the true light. In learning what holiness is, he learns, also, what guilt is." Hence the pure in heart always clothe themselves in the robe of humility.

In these times of much writing against the truth, young people do wisely to abstain from the reading of books which aim at the overthrow of Christian faith. As an ancient father observes, "Error is deceptive and plausible, and armed with a secret sting. Truth has no sting, and commands itself on this account to the youthful mind." But truth, that is Christ's Word, rejected through the belief of errors, becomes its own avenger both here and hereafter. Though denied, it still lives, and will live forever in the conscience as the fruitful mother of sorrow and remorse. Hence a poet asks, in forcible words,—

"What is hell?"

'Tis nothing but full knowledge of the truth, When truth, resisted long, is shown our foe, And calls eternally to do her right." It is, therefore, very unwise for men to so trifly with truth which is now their friend, as to transform it into their foe. Why, then, will men by reading works known to be adverse to the truth, imitate sly fish that nibble the bait which conceals a deadly hook?

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.*

Secret Life the True Measure of Character.

BY REV. ALFRED J. HUGHES.

SCENE: The lonely road of eighteen miles between Jerusalem and Jericho.

ACTORS: Four Robbers, a Jew, Priest, Levite, Samaritan.

Just what we do unbiased, free, Just what we are where none can see On lonely paths we travel o'er, Just that we are, and nothing more. Our public acts a world may scan, The secret life reveals the man.

Here, far away from man's abode, Upon this lonely mountain road, Between two noble cities laid, Men, as they are, will be displayed. Above—Jerusalem; below—The walls of ancient Jericho. With eighteen miles of road between—The wildest, loneliest, ever seen—As if the sea at some God-word Had turned to stone and never stirred.

Four men, well dressed, are passing now; They raise their hats, fall low they bow; Their forms such finished grace display, Sons of some noble house are they.

Now far up on the rocky height A lonely traveler comes in sight. Slowly he threads the winding way, His form is bent, his beard is gray; The locks that o'er his shoulders flow Are white as Hermon's driven snow. Nearer he draws! A noble face! Some patriarch of that favored race Which gave the Christ—a wealthy Jew; And on he passes from our view. Hush! There's a cry, a wail, a shriek! The strong are striking down the weak! And, there, the victim from the rocks Is struggling, sinking 'neath the shocks Of brutal blows; he falls at last; And lo! the well-dressed men that passed Have robbed the Jew in open day And left him bleeding by the way. A man may wear a fine black coat, Salute you well, then cut your throat. The biggest rascals in the land Will move with manners the most bland, And pious stories glibly tell; They look like heaven, and act like—well, A lonely place, no eyes about, Will find that sort of people out. Jerusalem and Jericho The public life may read and know, But on the lonely roads between, The measure of the soul is seen.

Here comes a priest, a man of God, With sympathies both deep and broad, A love that knows no race or creed; Call to him, Jew! He will give heed. The means which tell of thy distress, The open wounds, thy nakedness, Will move the man who loves to pray— Call to him, Jew, across the way! Call louder! Holy themes and high Engage his thoughts. He's passing by! Saw you the look of high disdain That answered to the cry of pain? The air of awful saintliness With which he gathered up his dress, Acting, as plain speech could be, 'You'd better die than trouble me.' The clincher of grand altar stirs, The maker of unending prayers, The keeper of all heavenly balms, The singer of psalms, The friend of souls, their hope, their guide, He passes by the other side! If we have love, beyond a doubt A dying man will call it out. A lion—brute—will heed the yelp And anguish of the wounded whelp, And scullion bird that sings and flies Will answer to its own that cries. What made the priest, that man of prayer, Pass by, his nose up in the air?

He wrought his noble actions where They could be seen and praised of men. That bleeding Jew, in this lone place, Has torn the mask from off his face. In spacious temples he was loud And lachrymose before a crowd. He gave munificently where The throng would cry out, "There, look, there!"

He seemed to have a generous heart When he was acting out a part In some fine play; but that lone Jew Has laid him bare and looked him through. He would have seen that bleeding brow Up in Jerusalem just now; He would have heard that cry of woe Along the streets of Jericho, And helped his brother like a god, With tongue to tell the deed abroad; But here, where none stand by to see, No tongue, hands, eyes or heart has he. His life to low self-seeking runs; He was a priest, but not a man; A scandal to the name he bears— Just a machine for making prayers. We may be great where men can praise; What are we on life's lonely ways? The whispered word of hopeful cheer, The silent falling of a tear, The friendly hand, the generous deed, Known only to the heart of need, Show clearer than a dress parade The stuff of which our souls are made.

Here comes another of his kind, But smaller, and so walks behind; A Levite (would the tribe had ceased!) Apeing the manners of the priest, Puts on the same "don't-touch-me" look, Takes just the gait his master took, Treads in his track where'er it goes, The same, precisely, heels and toes. No! he is crossing to the place Where the Jew lies; looks in his face, Walks round him, views each wounded limb.

Stares in the eyes fast growing dim, Treats him as so much broken clay, Then pigeon-toes himself away. This doer of religious chores Inside of temple hours and doors, Who held religion as a trade And only worked it where it paid, No thought had he of swoons or pains, But simply looked on the "remains." As people walk our dead about To see if they are well laid out, He served his Maker by the piece, In handling pots and blood and grease, And having dressed the last beast's limb, Nor man nor God had claims on him. He loosed himself from holy things When he untied his apron-strings.

Poor Jew, thy sorrows have not ceased, For riding slowly on his beast Comes one who bears thy fiercest ban, The loathed and lost Samaritan, The scum and refuse of all lands. Cover thy face up with thy hands! Upon thy nation and thy tribe He will heap just and scathing gibe; Hurl curses at thy Holy Place, And call thee dog right to thy face; Answer thy cries with oath and hiss— Would God that thou hadst died ere this! He lingers; it is but to kill! Beside the Jew the beast stands still! Above the wounded, dying man, Leans the abhorred Samaritan. He seeks the knife beneath his cloak That carries death in one swift stroke. He draws it! No! That's all! That's all! He looks like love, heaven-born, divine; Big tears are streaming down his cheeks; How tender are the words he speaks: "My brother, in distress thou art; I am thy brother, here's my heart; Thy wounds shall drink my oil, my wine, Then, on this humble beast of mine, To a near inn safe thou shalt ride, And I will walk close at thy side."

Take home the lesson, as ye can— The secret life reveals the man. How we have erred in judgment, all, Calling that great which is so small, Calling that low which is so high And godlike it can never die. We see, but only see in part; We see the face, but not the heart. Beneath some cursed and hated name May sweep a soul with love adame; And priestly robes may hide a gaunt, Disfigured soul, all froth and cant. Samaritan, well named the Good, We hail thy sign of brotherhood! It breathes through every cry of need, And answers in each loving deed. It knows no sect, nor creed, nor race, But shines in every human face; Links North to South, and East to West, And throbs in every human breast. Deep as the soul of man it goes, Wide as its sympathies it flows, High as his hopes, deep as his fears, Awakening joys, suppressing tears, And in the face of blood and clan Proclaims the brotherhood of man. Bradford, Vt.

"Camp-meeting John Allen is dead!"

Preached in the evening at a camp-meeting, and died the next day, falling with his harness on, like a true knight.

"With his back to the field and his feet to the foe."

And so would he have wished it; and he was carried from the camp-ground to his honored grave.

Doubtless some more skillful hand, with more perfect knowledge of his entire life, will give to the world a more specific biography, and so we

"No longer seek his merits to disclose, Or draw his frailties from their dread Where they alike in trembling hope repose, The bosom of his father and his God."

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always an attraction to the young people, as well as to others. His pictures of the old times, the simple dwellings of the early settlers, the log-cabin, the great stone fireplace, the blazing logs, the iron crane with the bubbling pot of bean-porridge and mush, the spinning-wheel, the loom, the high-back settle, were all before the eye as he used the pencil. In such a cabin he was born, and he delighted in returning to those scenes in his life.

"Dead!" The word startled one the more because he has been so long with us, we had become so accustomed to his presence, and his form and tones had become so familiar, that it seemed a part of our very life, not to be removed until the whole scene should vanish together—an eidolon of one's self.

How odd it will seem not to see him walk with his quick nervous step up the aisle on his Monday meetings, drop into his seat, and with his left hand give his hair a brush back from his forehead, by his manner saying, "Ready!" And he was always ready. Call upon him to open a meeting, and he would step to the desk and without opening the Bible, repeat an entire chapter. And this was his habit in his public ministrations. His flow of language was remarkable. His mind was so stored with incidents, events, facts, and scenes, and his illustrations came so aptly, that they seemed especially studied for the occasion.

His humor was not so apparent in his public addresses as his wit and sarcasm. Woe to the luckless wight who provoked a tilt with him! He would speedily find himself unhorsed. About the sharpest thing I have heard as coming from him was on the occasion of the close of the bogus legislature of Maine, of which John Allen was chaplain. On the day of final adjournment, after a brief prayer, the chaplain, looking the body in the face, quoted this verse of a hymn: "Blow ye the trumpet, blow," etc., closing with:—

"The year of jubilee is come, Return, ye ransomed sinners, home!" The effect may be imagined.

I have known this old hero for fifty-nine years—a stretch of time to look back through. I had but just been received into the Methodist Episcopal Church, and Methodist and Methodist preaching were to me a novelty. Our preacher, Rev. Greenleaf Greely, one Sabbath announced that "John Allen, a converted Universalist, would preach that evening at the usual hour for service." It was then the new church, now a store-house, near the Brewer ferry, into which we had just moved from the school-house on Union St. There was then but one other church building in Bangor. Of course a crowd gathered for the evening service. Directly the pastor, a most diffident man, came in, slightly stooping in his gait, followed by a young man with a bushy head of hair, and straight as a Penobscot Indian, with a confident air, and looking like one who would "storm the wall."

He took the service and walked right through it as fearing nothing. I can only recall the impression of the moment, but to me, who had been used to gospel reading and not preaching, it seemed wonderful. No notes, no hesitancy, but just one roll and rush of sentences from beginning to end—exposition, experience, anecdotes and persuasion, all mingled together! But, though subjected to the criticism of our modern schools, it would be called faulty, it impressed the people, and we enjoyed it. I have no recollection of having heard him preach since. In 1832, at the close of my second year in the ministry, I met him again in Phillips at a quarterly meeting held in a barn, but I think he did not preach. In the last interview I had with him in the Book-Room, he mentioned that meeting, and with a quizzical look said, "Yes, I heard you preach, but I did not think you would ever make much of a preacher." He was, I told him, mistaken in the first statement, as I did not preach, but not so much mistaken in the last.

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THE SALOON OF THE FUTURE.

BY M. CHURCH.

The recent political campaign in Texas was characterized by the usual intensity of partisan strife. The conflict waxed hotter between the elements of sobriety, righteousness, order and law, arrayed on the one side, and those of demoralization and violence on the other. It is difficult to intercept calumny, and more so to efface its impressions made upon ignorant minds; but it is hardly probable that the advocates of liquor can induce the colored people in any considerable portion of the South to believe that the cause of temperance is linked with secret designs of re-establishing the system of slavery, and so of forcing the freedmen back into the bondage of their fathers.

In view of the penetrating influence of the temperance reform into the ramifications of social life, one can but conjecture how the saloon is to be superseded, and with what modifications and purifications it will re-appear. Plainly, the ruder class of working-men, who form a considerable part of the clientele of the saloon, must continue to maintain their right of meeting together for social intercourse outside of their homes, which as a rule are unattractive in appearance, and wanting in the brightness, the luxury—such as it is—of the public resort. It has ever been an institution, so to speak, of their social life, and cannot be dispensed with any more than the clubs of men more well-to-do, or the Christian Associations of religious men. When the saloon is closed, as we have reason to believe it will be ere long, the time will be auspicious for the enterprising business man who seeks an opening to start an equivalent for the old jug tavern, or for the saloon with its rows of poison-filled bottles—a tasteful, fresh little place, inviting the wayfarer with a display of sandwiches, coffee and tea, or of some other of the hundred and ten beverages which, a temperance friend informs us, are already invented to replace the vanishing Sour Mash and Old Crow.

The country stores in the sparser settlements may dispense the tamarind water that used to cool the palates of our grandmothers; and that is especially grateful in warm weather—a drink that has been revived at some of the soda fountains and restaurants of the cities.

In point of fact, we are coming, after our own fashion, to the adoption of practical methods, such as the English, who have had a longer experience in temperance reformatory work, have used through a period of years. Their extract of beef, advertised as "the best night-cap," their cherry juice made from the fruit of the famous orchards of Kent, their extracts of lemons and of lemons, so preserved as to last some days after being unsealed, are among some of the many preparations that have been produced, under the stimulus of prizes awarded by a committee composed of gentlemen and ladies, prominent among their nobility and gentry. Such beverages, including the cheaper oatmeal, buttermilk and others for the humbler classes, by their gradually increasing prevalence, make manifest the good actually being accomplished by the reformers—the practical outcome of the much speaking on the subject, as fruit springs forth after the motions of vernal winds. The world does move; and if the liquor power has been mighty, a power that works for righteousness is a greater strength with each passing day, to meet it on its own ground; a power in earnest to prevent the destruction of souls, to rescue and to save.

PEARLS FROM EPPING CAMP-MEETING.

Reported by ELLA C. G. PAGE.

No man can make up his mind to live true to his convictions, as the needle to the pole, without, needle-like, piercing somebody. . . . Only those who are conquerors are crowned with palm; only those who have met the enemy and conquered, wear laurels. . . . One of God's great apostles, beholding the Roman empire passing, declared that was a city that hath foundations. While Rome was crumbling into decay, Augustine was writing of the golden city above. . . . Angels have never learned the song, the peculiar mystery of which is the Cross. . . . Dusty millions are coming up from this earth and converging towards the heavenly gate. In all the wreckage and destruction of the universe, the saint shall come up to the glorious outcome of the many tangled threads of human life.—Rev. Wm. Love.

We can lead others only as far as we ourselves have gone. . . . In days long since I found God in all things; when they were taken away, I found all things in God.—Rev. Jas. Cairns.

God's love, not God's wrath, is expressed by the gift of Christ on Calvary. That love flows like a Gulf Stream from the very heart of Christ. Calvary is the great heart-pain of God for the souls gone away from Him. . . . God's law was broken, and it took Divinity to mend it. . . . We try to throw across this great abyss of death something to give us hope that our dear ones are living, across the river. Lo! God goes right down into that grave (such a grave as we expect to fill some day), and comes up again, saying, "I am the resurrection and the life."—Rev. H. H. French.

We can not so much long for some other locality beyond this life, where God may be realized, but may we have it right in our hearts here. . . . Christ's humanity is the very bottom of the ladder on which the angels ascend and descend. . . . Christ comes to release what is salvable in us. His power does not consist in a little individual duty floating over a human soul, but the power of God is making the most of the possibilities of a human soul.—Rev. M. A. Richards.

In running the Christian race you are not simply on an elevated road, but on an elevated road. . . . By adding the feet that have trod the heavenly way when that way was dusty and the feet heavy, when the winter came and it was hard to go, shall reach the heavenly gate and enter into the city above.—Rev. L. P. Causey.

In the Old Testament He reveals His scepter and His crown, but the New is the laying bare of His heart. . . . I am simply an item in creation. The world is a speck in this universe, and I am a speck upon that speck. . . . A great many use their religion as men use lightning rods. They run them up on their houses to ward off storms. So men use their religion for protection against coming danger. . . . God is a King. Never lose sight of that. But He is a Father-king. . . . Life completes itself through death, up there, beyond the shadows. The lost ones gone before, wait as we poor tripping pilgrims come up, to welcome us upon celestial shores. . . . Give up the idea of going to heaven, and let heaven come to you.—Rev. Howard Henderson.

It is a good thing to be independent thinkers, but there have been great thinkers before us, and wisdom will not die with them. . . . Amid the glitter, foam and dash of waters, there must be rocks hidden. . . . Hold fast to the old truths that have "grown grey with age and use."—Rev. Dr. Brodbeck.

The devil spreads his magnifying glass over every mole-hill in the path of the Christian, and makes it appear to be a mountain. It is not half as hard to be a Christian as he would have it appear. The devil has over-stated the case.—Rev. Wm. Bartlett.

God might have made bread in ten-cent loaves, already baked, but I'm glad He didn't. If He had, we'd have been lazier than we are now. . . . Other things being equal, that man generally succeeds, who thinks he can succeed.—Rev. Chas. Nutter.

Work is the rest of the Christian. Work while we rest, and rest because we work.—Rev. Mr. Wheat.

The world makes the past the prophet of the future. . . . The angels that came to Christ in Gethsemane, forsook Calvary. The sin of the world was upon His heart; God allowed Him to be alone in that awful hour, and He gave up the ghost, and we were redeemed. . . . Achan never would have confessed his sin if he had not been found out. That's death-bed repentance. . . . When a man ignores the Ten Commandments, and listens only to the baser desires of his passions, he is far along on the road to ruin.—Rev. E. L. House.

I'm one of the blessed old fogies like Wesley and Whitefield and Knox. I bless the Lord for old fogies. Heaven will be full of them. . . . There will be no spectators at the judgment seat of Christ.—Rev. Wm. McNulty.

He who spoke the promises is the Mighty One who rolls the stars.—Rev. O. Cole.

Methuen, Mass.

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ZION'S HERALD.

For the Year 1888.

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All who subscribe at once, will get the paper FIFTEEN MONTHS FOR ONE SUBSCRIPTION.

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SPECIMEN COPIES FREE.

Letters on business should be addressed to

A. S. WEED, Publisher,
38 Bromfield Street, Boston.

(Continued from page 1.)

sentinels keep watch and ward over the slumbering continents.

Such the sunset on Right Calm. For an hour longer I sit looking out over the darkening hills-tops. Little spurs of mist go flitting past me like spirit troopers on their mighty drill. Then sleepy cloudlets come rolling over the hills below me—chariots, bearing angel choirs, hastening to their choral rendezvous. Far away to the northwest, so far I cannot hear the loudest thunder crash, a storm is watering the thirsty earth. I can see, as from above the clouds, the vivid play of the lightning, its blinding brilliancy softened by the fading tinge of twilight. That cloud seems only a reflector for the lamps of glory. Are they not now being lighted, flash by flash, for the evening choral of the angels before the throne?

The Week.

AT HOME.

The fire losses in the United States and Canada since January 1 exceed \$85,000,000.

The Naval War College opened on the 5th at Newport.

Labor Day was celebrated in this city by a procession of 16,000 men in the morning, and by picnics and games in the afternoon.

E. S. Wheeler & Co. of New Haven, Conn., importers of iron and steel, have failed, together with the New Haven Wire Co.

At the opening of the International Medical Congress at Washington on the 5th, addresses were made by the President and the Secretary of State. Dr. Davis of Chicago was made president of the congress.

The stockholders of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad Company have voted to increase the capital stock to \$75,000,000.

Robert Barton, manufacturing jeweler, of Providence, has failed for \$100,000.

The schooner "War Eagle," loaded with naphtha, blew up at her moorings in Chelsea last week, killing two men and injuring others.

The board of railroad commissioners decided that the West End Street Railway Company of this city may increase its capital, \$464,000, to \$544,000. The petition was for an increase to \$1,200,000.

A fire in the Grant locomotive works at Paterson, N. J., did \$150,000 damage and threw 600 people out of employment.

Judge Gardner having resigned, Gov. Ames appointed Judge M. P. Knowlton to fill the vacancy on the supreme bench.

Fifty-eight missionaries were sent out last week by the American Board to various fields of foreign labor.

The will of the late George E. Downes of Canton bequeathed about \$80,000 to various public and charitable institutions.

Hon. W. H. Earle was nominated for Governor at the Prohibitory State convention at Worcester last week.

Ex-Governor Aiken of South Carolina is dead.

A schooner foundered in Lake Superior and ten men were drowned.

The Charles Stewart Paper Company of Cincinnati has assigned, with liabilities of \$100,000.

It is believed that at least 30,000 seal skins have been taken on the Alaska coast the past year by marauders.

It is said that Dr. McGlynn's case may be reopened at Rome.

One hundred and fifty-two failures occurred throughout the country during the past week. The business outlook for the fall is good.

Grand Master Powderly will advocate government ownership of railroads and telegraph lines.

The National Prison Congress is holding its annual session at Toronto.

During a revivalist meeting at Neenome, Tenn., a church fire gave way, letting down 70 people some thirteen feet. All were injured, one fatally.

Fire destroyed \$210,000 worth of property at Minneapolis.

ABROAD.

A theatre in Exeter, Eng., took fire on the evening of the 5th, and more than 100 persons perished.

Premier Norquay of Manitoba has

raised a loan of \$1,000,000 for the Red River Valley Railroad.

It is stated that the mobilization experiment in France has shown that all the reserves could be embodied in three days.

Mr. Gladstone declines the invitation to the celebration at Philadelphia, as the Irish question demands his attention at home.

San Salvador revolutionists have surprised and taken the port of La Union, through treachery to the government.

Scarlet fever is epidemic in London. So far 1,120 cases have been reported. The fever hospitals are full of patients.

The population of Canada is estimated at 7,000,000.

The overflow of the Nile near Cairo has ruined crops so that a famine is threatened.

The British government has granted the Canadian Pacific Railway Company a yearly subsidy of \$45,000 for mail service.

Rev. E. T. Doane, the American missionary who was imprisoned at Manila, has been released.

M. Schmeissel, the hero of the recent affair on the German frontier, has been appointed German Master at the Ecole Professionnelle de l'Est, Paris.

Emperor Francis Joseph has conferred upon M. Pasteur the decoration of the Order of the Iron Crown, with the title of Baron.

The British government is strengthening the defenses of Halifax harbor; three batteries and a regiment have been ordered to the citadel.

A fête in honor of the centenary of the American Constitution will be held at the Crystal Palace, London, on September 17.

The business portion of Newburg, Ont., was burned last week; loss \$250,000.

Ayoub Khan has fled toward Kaff, Persia, 50 miles to the westward of the Afghan frontier.

The British trade union congress will agitate for eight hours a day five days in a week.

The Queen's Jubilee gift of £70,000 will be devoted to the training of nurses.

The Queen has conferred the order of knighthood upon Dr. Morell Mackenzie for his services to the German Crown Prince.

Prince Ferdinand has forbidden Bulgarian officers to act as newspaper correspondents.

A new superintendent of finances and experienced customs officials will leave Madrid for Cuba to reform the Cuban administration.

The explosion of an enormous gun in process of casting at Sheffield caused the death of eight persons.

The next meeting of the International Medical Congress will be held in Berlin.

Editor O'Brien declined to go to Mitchellstown in Ireland for trial, and a warrant was issued for his arrest. An indignation meeting was begun in the square and a fight ensued. Two men were shot dead by policemen, and others were wounded.

Sir Charles Tupper has been detailed by the Dominion government to confer on the fisheries question with Hon. Joseph Chamberlain.

The Queen has contributed £100 to the fund for the relief of sufferers by the theatre fire at Exeter.

William O'Brien was arrested at Dublin on Sunday.

The loss of a vessel and fifty lives in the English Channel is reported.

[Continued from Page 5.]

our older members and one of the rare cases of conversion at the advanced age of 60 or thereabouts. New steps have recently been put in at the main entrance of the church, partly of stone and partly of wood, and about \$70 is subscribed towards painting the edifice.

Rev. H. B. Hudson, of Brooklyn (Cong.), preached at the Ludlow M. E. church, Aug. 28, a very stirring and impressive sermon, from "The Lord looketh on the heart," etc.

RETLAW.

NEW HAMPSHIRE CONFERENCE.

DOVER DISTRICT.

The Holiness camp-meeting at East Epping brought together a large number of the pastors of our Conference. The congregations were not so large as the week before, but all the services were full of spiritual power. Many

persons were brought out into spiritual light.

The Heding camp-meeting began Monday afternoon, Aug. 28, and closed the following Saturday morning. The first three days it rained almost incessantly, so that the congregations were limited to the people who were stopping on the grounds. There was no break in the services, the Chautauqua Hall being utilized and proving itself a most valuable addition to the comfort of the people. So thoroughly did they enjoy meeting in this place, that no services were held at the stand during the two camp-meetings. Many found fault with this, saying it did not seem like camp-meeting. The following brethren preached in the order named: Wm. Love, Jas. Cairns, D. E. Miller, H. H. French, M. A. Richards, L. P. Causey, Howard Henderson, of New York, W. N. Brodbeck, of Boston, W. C. Bartlett, C. S. Nutter, Wheat, E. L. House. The sermons were excellent, some of them of great power. The altar services were seasons of spiritual help, as were also the tent meetings.

At one o'clock each day there were held, simultaneously, a young men's, young women's and children's meeting. These were productive of much good. On Tuesday evening the Woman's Home Missionary Society held a meeting, presided over by Mrs. J. D. Folsom, at which interesting addresses were delivered.

Thursday and Friday being pleasant days, brought large numbers of people to the grounds. The Hall would not hold them; and in the afternoon of Thursday an overflow meeting was held in the auditorium, at which several of the brethren spoke. An altar service followed, and many came forward. Great prominence was given to the doctrine of entire sanctification, and there were many who earnestly sought this pearl of great price. How many were converted, or how many were helped to make a more thorough consecration to God, we do not know; but are quite sure that the results were very cheering. The quickening here received will form a good working basis for the fall and winter at home. The singing was led by Rev. J. L. Felt, who was assisted by the best camp-meeting choir we have had for years. Presiding Elder Dunning was busy, working to promote all the interests of the meeting. The meeting closed Saturday morning with the usual march around the ground and hand-shaking.

Church Register.

HERALD CALENDAR.

Monthly meeting of N. E. Methodist Historical Society, at their room in Wesleyan Building, 38 Bromfield St., Sept. 10.

Post Office Addresses.

Rev. E. Manning, Newton, Mass.

Rev. Geo. Whitaker, Marshall, Texas.

NOTICE.—The next monthly meeting of the New England Methodist Historical Society will be held in the Society's room, on the 10th of September, the 19th inst., at 2:30 p. m. A paper will be read by Rev. Walter Wilkie, on his Fifty Years in the Ministry. Those who heard a part of it read understand its great excellence. Directors meet at 2 p. m. in Society's room, 38 Bromfield St., Boston.

THE EASTERN BUCKSPOUT DISTRICT MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION will hold its next session at Eastport, Me., Oct. 24-26.

Preaching, Monday eve, by G. G. Winslow.

Tuesday p. m., by E. H. Brown.

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Wednesday p. m., by V. P. Wardwell.

Wednesday p. m., by J. F. Haley.

Thursday p. m., by G. G. Winslow.

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Saturday p. m., by G. G. Winslow.

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